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&c. &c.

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AMATORY TALES
OF
SPAIN, FRANCE, SWITZERLAND,
AND THE
MEDITERRANEAN:
CONTAINING
THE FAIR ANDALUSIAN; ROSOLIA OF PALERMO;
AND
THE MALTESE PORTRAIT:
INTERSPERSED WITH PIECES OF ORIGINAL POETRY.
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

By HONORIA SCOTT,
AUTHOR OF THE WINTER IN EDINBURGH, &c.

“ Oh ! how this spring of Love resembleth
“ Th’ uncertain glory of an April day ;
“ Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
“ And by and by a cloud takes all away.”

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY J. DICK, 55, CHISWELL STREET;
AND SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS.
1810.

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AMATORY TALES.

THE FAIR ANDALUSIAN.

CHAPTER XII.

“First, then, Ambition summon to the bar;
Ambition, Shame, Extravagance, Disgust,
Each much deposes—hear them in their turn.
Ambition’s boundless appetite outspeaks
The verdict of its shame, when souls take fire
At high presumption of their own desert,
One age is poor applause.”

MONTOLIEU, admitted confidentially to the privacy of the Marquis, found him continually agitated by matters widely remote from the animating and noble cause

which formed the ostensible reason of his residence at Seville. The families of distinction chosen as representatives by their provinces, wasted irretrievable hours in dissensions of party and struggles of power. Guided by churchmen long resident in their families, their motions in the Supreme Junta resembled a game at chess, where the king being castled, the bishops checked the movements of the knights, and the conflict remained to the pawns.

One morning the Marquis, as he leaned on a table covered with plans for the amelioration of the Spanish people, pointed out the proposals of men known as of rank and reputed wisdom. Montolieu, as he read of free masses for the repose of the dead, and tributes to wooden deities, could not withhold his astonishment.

“It is difficult for me to decide, my Lord,” said he, “how far such grants may meet the wishes and gratify the wants of

Spain; but it seems to me, the abolition of the Inquisition would secure to the Junta their utmost gratitude."

"You would strike at the root of our religion, Signor," cried Ximenes, pale with indignation.

"I would only in private suggest most respectfully to the Marquis," replied Montolieu, "taking the most formidable weapon from the adversary's hands. I respect the church and her servants, but," added he proudly, "none can inform me better than my own feelings. I am wrong in offering my opinion where I came to unsheath my sword. I feel, my Lord, my obligations to your politeness, but time wears. My wish is to join some division of the Spanish army."

Many conversations of a similar nature passed, and Montolieu, finding his high-wrought expectations checked by the conduct of the higher orders, became impatient

to witness the ardour of the peasantry, and the conduct of their leaders. Ximenes, jealous of his favour with the Marquis, looked forward to his departure with real satisfaction and affected regret; whilst, on his part, Montolieu, taught by the Countess B—— to consider the ecclesiastic as the enemy of Estella, and, by his own observation, to believe him the promoter of every unpopular action of her father, regarded him with growing aversion.

Previous to his departure, Mondecarr insisted on Montolieu's accompanying him for a few days to his estate near Aldea del Rio, and, accompanied by the Countess B—— and Ximenes, they travelled by the banks of the Guadalquivir towards Del Carpio, where a fine old castle, situated on a hill, commands the towers of Cordova, the birth-place of Seneca, and the scene of Moorish grandeur.

The residence of the Marquis, built in a

quadrangular form, was laved by the Guadalquiver gliding by the windows, through meadows enamelled by flowers. Along the whole front of the edifice, open in the Moorish style, and supported by pillars of jasper, rose lofty domes to jets d'eau throwing their cooling waters from marble basins, surrounded by carnations and jessamines; alleys of fountains and clustering vines, terminated by a grotto over whose rocks rushed a pure and chrystal stream, terminated the view.

Round the hall of entrance hung a curious collection of ancient and foreign arms, the latter mostly from new Spain. Above appeared the portraits of Spaniards who had distinguished themselves in the sciences and literature. A noble marble staircase, with rails of wood beautifully carved, led to the upper apartments, whose balconies received the ambrosial breath of the gardens, richly

fraught with the delicious blossoms of the orange.

The pavements, formed of large squares of black and white marble, supported massy arches just raised, and covered with gilt leather. Large pictures covered the walls, and contrasted, by their scriptural subjects, with ceilings painted with all the voluptuousness of the Italian school ; with a mind less intent on the charming object whose appearance he anxiously awaited, Montolieu would have thought it demonstrative of the genius of the people.

A noble dog of the wolf breed came bounding to the Countess, who, caressing it, said, “ It its Valide, Estella’s favourite, her companion and defender.”

Montolieu advanced, and loaded the generous animal with attentions.

The Marquis had welcomed his English friend with the politeness of a polished no-

bleman, and the warmth of worth. Ximenes shortly withdrew with his patron, leaving Montolieu with the Countess, who wishing to give some orders to her attendants, excused herself and withdrew. Valide remained, and Montolieu employed himself in caressing and exercising Estella's favourite companion and defender, when a light step advancing, drew his regards to the entrance of the fair Spaniard. Astonishment and pleasure blended in her expressive eyes, as faintly articulating his name, she received his respectful salute.

Estella had heard from the Countess of Montolieu's arrival at Seville, and imagined he had proceeded to the army. That she should receive him as her father's guest appeared impossible. Ximenes, as her confessor, knew her attachment to Montolieu, and though the nature of his office enjoined secrecy, she conjectured with reason he would endeavour to prevent the Marquis's invita-

tion to the heretic; whose remembrance had caused her many pangs, and whom, in the effort to remove from her heart, she placed more firmly there.

Ximenes had indeed used all his art to weaken the Marquis's regard for Montolieu; but, as he could not avow his reason of dislike, the defects he pretended to discover in his character were not of sufficient importance to attain the object.

Estella, when her first confusion had faded from her lovely face, gracefully complimented Montolieu on his aiding the cause of her country. In his reply he forgot all but that he was addressing the most charming of her sex, that he was her lover, and that they were animated by one sentiment.

Estella heard him with emotions that drew tears to her brilliant eyes. The object of her cherished memory, for whom she prayed before the altar—whose name she invoked, as leaving her couch, she paced at midnight

with unequal steps through bowers of myrtle—whom in confession she owned to intervene between her and heaven—was thus unexpectedly brought to her feet; a lover inspired with passion ardent as her own;—feeling a moment claimed its tribute, but soon recalling recollection, she rallied him with archness on thus attempting his first conquest in Spain.

The Countess entering, checked the impassioned answer. Her cousin claimed a share of Estella's attentions, and whilst they conversed, her lover's eyes, unobserved, dwelt with admiration on her form. She was of an age to improve daily in loveliness, and in the short interval of their absence, Montolieu saw her changed. At Gibraltar, a fatiguing journey and constant disquietude, had chilled her beauty. Returned to the unmolested shades of her enchanting domain, to breathe the summer, and mix the sighs of love with perfumes, her languishing

eyes shot brighter fires, her graceful form gave itself attitudes to the lover.

The Marquis shortly made his appearance. A magnificent repast was served in massy plate, and rich wines sparkled in embossed goblets. All around bore the marks of grandeur and vestiges of ancient rank. Numerous attendants, whose obsequious homage scarce raised the eye of submission, presented a contrast to Ximenes, who within the pale of humility, yet wore the churchman's haughtiest frown.

At the dessert, Mondecarr spoke of the members of the Supreme Council at Seville, and, as he censured or praised, appealed to the temporary knowledge Montolieu possessed of them, for confirmation of his opinion.

"My Lord," replied the Englishman, "you invite me to argument. Of Salavedra but one opinion can be formed; his fire, his patriotism, and his talents, qualify him

for power ; his humanity, his feeling, and his honour, prevent him from abusing it. Ximarde and De Tilly seem to me less ardent, of cooler temperament, yet undoubted loyalty ; judge of the Supreme Junta from these men, from manifestoes issued by their order, breathing valour in Nature's most exalted language, finally, from the battles guided by their councils, and patriotism seems satisfied. Yet, enquire minutely into the points where judgment yields to habit, where the statesman surrenders his thoughts in the confessional, or his best resolves at the church, and we must decide that the fate of Spain rests on the faith of those men, who of all others must, from their habits, be most unfit to lay the plans of active operations."

" Yet, Signor," cried Ximenes, " the cross has appeared in battle, and none have been more zealous than its priests in all the dawnings of the patriot cause."

“ You are right, Father,” exclaimed Montecar, “ the Bishop of Oporto does not rank alone.”

“ Think of the priests of Saragossa,” cried the fair Estella, “ my cousin, the younger Countess B——, its ministering angel, whom the saints guard, surrounded by the holy soldiers, presented herself undaunted to the battle.”

“ When history shall record the actions of Saragossa,” said Montolieu impressively, to the Countess, “ your sister’s name will grace its page, an example of heroic fortitude and suffering loveliness.”

The Countess’s fine eyes glittered as the Marquis drank to the heart of Spain, Saragossa ; and Estella, taking her arm, led her to the gardens.

“ Were the Countess Clara called to the same scenes, she would display all the heroism of her sister,” observed the Marquis with great modesty ; “ she has an undaunted

spirit. The women of our day," said he, smiling, "seem born for this glorious year."

In the evening the ladies accompanied their guitar, seated near the portico, silvered by the rising moon; their voices, sweet and tremulous, seemed to float on the breeze of night, blending harmony with fragrance. Estella's tones, rich and melodious, trembled as she sang of love; and in verse that sought not ornament, told its power over her heart, and the resignation of hope:—

Night that spreads her sable hours,
Has not moments dark as mine,
But enraptured drinks the flow'rs,
I—the flow'rs of hope resign.

Ah! thro' shades the moon may break,
Gleaming bright on ev'ry scene;
Yet what, alas! from me can take
Sorrow's shade or sorrow's mein.

Wand'ring through my native bowers,
I the sweets of youth resign—
"Night that spreads her sable hours
Has not moments dark as mine."

Retired to his apartment for the night, Montolieu had leisure to muse on the Enchantress and her song; to ask his heart what it could seriously hope from the pursuit of its passion. It may be asked, is it consistent with man's ascribed independence thus to love, or, once loving, coolly calculate the chances of happiness? To the first it may be answered, such temperiments once warmed, love most ardently. The libertine, the voluptuary, or the sentimentalist, afford the passion no triumph; it is the grave, the moral, and the avowed insensible, that are its dearest conquests. What tender follies, what impassioned actions, what undeviating attachment have not such known? Thus the most rigid bow-string once drawn, sends the surest arrow to its mark.

Montolieu had not degenerated into the weakness of love, whilst he considered Estrella as one of nature's most perfect beings;

whilst he dwelt with rapture on her accomplishments, he could discern the path he ought to pursue, and determine to let fate do its worst.

The brightness of morning breaking through the casements of the balcony, roused him from balmy slumber and auspicious dreams. He had fought with the Patriot army, and Estella bestowed the laurel. Her portrait, as he unclosed his lids, met his gaze, and hastily rising, he contemplated with pleasure the room it adorned.

The apartment of dark wainscot, panelled with paintings, was furnished with chairs of carved wood inlaid with ivory; a large mirror in a massy silver frame, and a small crucifix. A bed of carved wood covered with a canopy of dark velvet, and surmounted by a plume of feathers; its linen, and that covering an ewer of Mexican gold, was edged with deep point lace. High painted casements opened to a balcony,

from which a flight of marble steps, led to the garden.

The paintings mostly represented the conquest of Cortez in New Spain; from these Montolieu turned again to the picture of Estella. The painter had exerted talent, but Montolieu found defects in his work, forgetting Estella had been studied when the smile of peace beamed in every feature, decked the archness of her eye, and dimpled the roses of her lip. He would have wished it less gay. Already was the original divested of the sun-shine of the breast—her charming eyes, full of languor, swam with unbidden tears—they avoided the object on whom they could have rested till death had spent their fires.

Descending to the gardens, Montolieu, meeting Ximenes, paced with him the terraces. They were shortly joined by the Marquis, who informed his guest a courier had arrived from Seville with important in-

formation. The Captain-general of Arragon, the brave Palafox, having forced the French to retire from Saragossa, recommended Tudela as a central position to the Spanish armies, thither the Andalusians under Castanos, Cuesta, and Llamas, and Albuquerque's divisions were required to join his Arragonese.

The favourable moment for Montolieu's *debut* as a Patriot approached, and it was determined he should proceed to Tudela as soon as the first brigade could be expected to arrive. Palafox's plan of Blake's forming a diversion in Biscay appeared fraught with happy consequences.

The Countess soon joined them, joy animating her features. Her letters from Saragossa announced her heroic sister's safety. She had trod unhurt the path of charity, through the destructive fires of war, the death-dealing artillery, and sinking edifices of Saragossa; supporting in the arms of

beauty her wounded countrymen, and leading her little band of females over the bodies of the dead, to the succour of the dying.

When the eye that has not yet beamed with life shall, in future days, seek the recording page of Spain, and fire at her first energies and melt over the fatal sequel, the actions of this heroine shall share the praise with Palafox.

Montolieu's arrangements were soon made; in a week he had prepared the equipments of a Patriot, and written at length to Lady Harville and his father. He could not avoid mentioning Estella to a mother from whom he had hitherto made no concealments. In concluding the detail of his passion, he requested, should he not return to England, his mother would write to his fair mistress, and present her his miniature.

The morning before his departure he rose early, and seeing Valide bounding through

the alleys, he conjectured Estella had sought the garden, and eagerly traced her steps. Turning unperceived round a curved walk, he beheld her seated near him, and paused to observe her. Her dress and manner denoted disquietude;—unable to repress his feelings, Montolieu discovered himself, and respectfully detaining her, intreated permission to take his farewell.

“To-morrow, Estella,” said he, sorrowfully, “and we part, doubtless part—to meet no more. My intention, when first I resolved on entering the service of your country, was, should fate give me the pleasure of again beholding you, to withhold from your knowledge your conquest over an hitherto untouched heart. My feelings at meeting you betrayed it, and you are acquainted with its inmost recesses; but give me your esteem, Estella. Divided from you by the happy Ferdinand, I have not attempted to win you—I have not essayed

to remove him from your remembrance, or sought to overcome the barriers of your faith, or the resentment of the Marquis.

“Signor,” cried Estella faintly, “I am free. My father allows me to refuse Ferdinand.”

Montolieu paused. His passion urged—the request had been made since their last meeting.

“I pity him,” cried he, “but cannot risk his fate. Yet you, Estella, animated as your bosom is with sentiments of patriotism, may include me in those to whose arms you wish success. Farewell, may heaven guard you from danger.”

Estella, overcome with emotion, would have betrayed herself; but the object of her tenderness had fled. Seeking the Countess, she revealed her passion, and sought her councils.

Clara had all the enthusiastic spirit of her elder sister, but it led her to romance,

not reality. The Countess had fortitude and enterprise for deeds of chevalric love—the “ministering angel of Saragossa” for actions of active virtue. Clara’s councils were, therefore; not those of prudence, but they enabled Estella to meet her lover in the presence of her father and Ximenes without agitation.

Mondecar had presented Montolieu with letters to the commanders of the Spanish armies; and, previous to his departure, his rank of major was confirmed from Seville.

In the sultry month of August he took his departure from Madrid, passing through the Sierra Morena by the way of Toledo, and attended by armed muleteers. Amid the rugged passes of these rocky mountains, whilst his Majoral sought the noon-day Siesto, stretched at the goatherd’s door, and sheltered by cork trees, Montolieu compared the pages of Cervantes with the existing scene.

The few inhabitants of these wild passes had taken their part in the commotions of the country ; the mother had embraced her son, and bid him not return a fugitive of the fight to its shelter ; the father, throwing away the pastoral crook, gave his child the sword unsheathed for Ferdinand ; and even love severed its purest hearts in the same animating cause.

The traveller now winded the dark paths under impending rocks in security ; the mi-quaulets, abandonding their mingled occupations, had joined the Patriot armies, and roused to virtue, used the same arms in defence of their laws, that lately were raised in its defiance.

On the road to Almagro, Montolieu observed on the borders of a solitary wood, round which rises the opposite mountains of New Canada and Amodavar del Campo, a woman kneeling before a crucifix, in the attitude of wrapt devotion and supplicating

sorrow. The venta where he intended to pass the night being near, he alighted from his mule, and walked gently past the spot. Two children were employed in endeavouring to raise the flowers their mother had presented, and on which a scorching sun had spent its fury.

Seeing a box placed beneath the image, Montolieu advanced and deposited an offering of silver. One of the boys, looking earnestly at him, quitted his employment, and taking him gently by the hand, enquired, in a low voice, if he offered for the Patriots? He arraigned the attention of his mother; who, rising, crossed her bosom, and would have drawn him from the stranger; he, however, clung to Montolieu, who, attracted by his manner, besought her to allow his stay.—

“Are you not a patriot, my fine fellow?” said he, lifting his montero cap from the boy’s dark eyes.

“His father is, Signor,” exclaimed the woman. “I ought to rejoice”—her voice faltered—nature was not to be deceived by glory. “I have, I believe, a hard heart, Signor,” said she at length, “I am not animated by victory. When others celebrate it, I come here to weep.”

“But your husband, doubtless, lives,” said Montolieu, soothingly. “I am on my way to the armies, and may meet with him. Sit down on the bank,” assuming a tone of raillery, “and let me know the name of this unfortunate Spaniard, who has so disloyal a wife.”

The woman hesitated a moment, but the countenance of the person who addressed her invited confidence; placing her arms round her boys, and lowering her voice, she took the place he pointed out, and, at his request commenced her little narrative.

“My parents, Signor, were honest; and, I believe, as good catholics receive their

reward in heaven. I was their only child; and when I loved Julian, they gave me their blessing, and twenty crowns that had been stored from my birth. Have you ever loved, Signor?" interrogated Maria, innocently.

The question went to the heart of her hearer, though it called a smile to his features.

"I will tell you how happy we were," continued Maria, "when but children like these, Julian and myself sought each other, and when we began to earn by wood-cutting and lace-making a few reals, we paid them to the priest for our absolvences."

Montolieu did not look grave—"Of what offence could you be guilty?" enquired he.

"None, Signor; but the padres of St. Francis, are severe on sins of the thoughts, and Julian should not have wished me his wife before I was so. Alas! Signor, we

thought of nothing else, so we married to prevent being ruined."

This species of religious economy powerfully affected the risible muscles of Montolieu; but, respecting the innocence of the speaker, he endeavoured to check it, as she proceeded:

"It was now, Signor, we forgot the world, and till the birth of my first child, and our last crown disappeared, we thought not of labour; still I was happy—we needed little in summer, and in winter my child lay in my bosom, and warmed it till I felt no chill of season. My parents died shortly after; it was my first grief; and clasped in each other's arms, Julian and myself alternately embraced and grieved.

"Their last words impressed him with fear: 'My son,' said my father, 'I have loved as well as you have, and from youth to death would not have given a smile of my wife for riches, but I supported her by my

labour, and did not, like you, pass my hours in pleasure, forgetful of the claims on my industry.'

"Julian grew more attentive to his work. I at first used to sit at the entrance of the wood, to shorten the time of his return; but as I saw his earnings, Signor, I grew ashamed, and began lace-making to supply my proportion. We grew rich, Signor, and as I brought my boys to the shrine of St. Francis, and gave my offerings through their hands, the padres did not frown at the remembrance of Julian's absolvences.

"Last May, Signor, the news of the revolution came to our village. It was holiday, and Julian and his neighbours were seated round the venta; whilst, at a little distance, their mothers and daughters sat with me and my children under the chestnuts. A courier arrived; his mule, unable to proceed, retarded his progress, till his

news animated every heart. Even I, as the young men embraced and left us, bade my children cry *Viva!* to their father's flight.

“Signor, I recollect that hour only as a flash of vivid lightning, succeeded by clouds that have never yet dispersed. Many Patriots have passed our village, but we cannot assist them, and we are deemed disloyal. No news ever came from the father, the husband, or the lover to our ears. We hear, indeed, of victory; of its glory; alas! when the sun is brightest, the flowers I offer to the virgin fade.”

The allusion affected her auditors, Montolieu, as he left his purse in her son's hand, noted the name of Julian Meretz in his pocket-book, and left Maria to the consolation of hope, and the prayers of St. Francis.

Arrived at Madrid some weeks after its evacuation by the French, its deserted balconies and lonely palaces, from which

beauty and royalty had fled, filled Montolieu with melancholy impressions. The armies of Valencia and Andalusia, under Castonos and Albuquerque, entered on the following week; the scene, as if by magic, changed; and the Patriots marched through the streets amid the acclamations of joy, and the blessings of gratitude.

The women ventured again to appear, and leaning from the balconies, touched with the devotion of relics the arms of the soldiers with the extremity of their veils. Nor did the fair ones of Madrid forget the expected Arragonese and their gallant leader, who, amidst the fashion and splendour of a court, had there hid, for years, the gallantry of arms in the elegance of an accomplished cavalier.

The soldiers, animated by the remembrance of Saragossa, when demanded for a watch-word, cried, that of Arragon—
“ *Guerra al Cuchillo!* ”

Alas! the successes of Spain were on the wane. Palafox was fated not to accomplish his plans, and dissensions arose that involved in their consequences the removal of valour from the field, and wisdom from the council.

CHAPTER XIII.

" Permit me, ye time-hallow'd domes, ye piles
Of rude magnificence, your solemn rest,
Amid your fretted vaults and length'ning aisles
Lonely to wander—no unholy guest
That means to break, with sacrilegious tread,
The marble slumbers of your monumented dead."

MONTOLIEU joined the Andalusians under Castanos, and received from him every attention his individual character, and that General's partiality to the English, prompted. His knowledge of the Spanish language, and the zeal he felt for their interests, rendered his command over his little band of Patriots a pleasant duty, and they soon conformed to the rules of their new leader with

docility. Montolieu's division consisted of two hundred men, who were encamped on the Prado, and other open situations in the suburbs.

During the short stay of the armies in Madrid, our hero received the afflicting news of the disgrace of the Mondecár. Accused of treason, and ordered to the confinement of a convent with his ill-judged adviser, he endured the pangs of a broken heart but a few short days ere he expired. So rapid are the steps of ambition amid the changing scenes of a revolution—the grave is dug at the foot of the throne.

Mondecár, the victim of suspicion, was said to have held communication with the first Junta of Madrid, and to have imparted intelligence of importance. His letters to the Duke de Albuquerque in favour of his English friend not having been delivered, were now suppressed by him, and in silence

Montolieu regretted Mondecár, and mourned for Estella.

Shunning the gaiety to which he was invited, he spent his hours of leisure in surveying the curiosities of Madrid; and in the gloom of its churches, old, magnificent, and lofty, sought to indulge the melancholy of his thoughts. There riches and death formed their union, and human pride decked the records of mortality.

A few days previous to the march of the armies towards Burgos, he entered the great cathedral and advanced below its sacred aisles in wrapt thought. No one appeared to interrupt the train of his ideas. A few monks hastily tended the tapers of the shrines, and with soundless steps glided away.

Buried in profound reverie, and with folded arms, he paced before the solitary shrines, acquitting the unhappy Mondecár of the awful crimes imputed to him, those of sui-

cide and treason; suddenly he was awoke from thought by the approach of one of his soldiers, who, presenting him a letter, informed him the bearer waited an answer. Montolieu ordered him to advance, and, by the light of a taper, unsealed the wax.

The contents were read over twice ere he turned to consider the youth who brought it, and who respectfully waited his commands.

“ SIGNOR,

“ I TRUST to the humanity of your nation and friendship the nephew of the unfortunate Mondecar. He is my cousin, and dear to me; but it is necessary he should be removed from Andalusia, and remain unknown till the clouds that overcast his house be removed. Arrived from Mexico, Ferdinand finds none of the promises of happiness fulfilled—his uncle

“ the victim of treachery and misplaced confidence—his bride buried in the recesses of a convent—his possessions attainted by treason. He joins the Patriots provided with every requisite but age and experience. Destitute of nothing but friends, to your friendship I consign him. Spare him in action and fatigue as much as is consistent with the reputation of a Patriot.

“ Your friend,

“ The COUNTESS B——.”

Monotlieu held out his hand to Ferdinand. He saw, as he approached, his resemblance to his cousin, and opened his arms—

“ I grieve,” said he, “ my power is limited; but I will intreat the General to appoint you to my corps. What name do you assume?”

“That of Ferdinand Menville,” replied the youth, “the family is ancient, but reduced in fortunes; they have left Spain for South America, and I run no danger, or my protector. I have seen Castanos, and am appointed to your corps.”

Montolieu had apartments near the Prado; thither he conducted Ferdinand, and on lights and refreshments being brought, surveyed with astonishment and admiration the affianced husband of Estella.

Ferdinand appeared younger than his fair cousin, and to have scarcely attained seventeen. His face, though in complexion considerably darker, had the same beautiful regularity of feature and dark and brilliant eye. Over his dishevelled locks he wore a Spanish hat and plume, and his delicate and elegant limbs were clothed in a hussar dress of black cloth, ornamented with velvet, and open at the bosom, with a vandyked ruff of lace.

Montolieu could not withdraw his regards from an object so unfitted for the fatigues and dangers of a camp. A pang of jealous feeling stole across him as he reflected he had been destined for his cousin; and it was not till Ferdinand looked confused he remembered his absence, and addressed him:—

“I consider myself honoured,” said Montolieu, “in the confidence of the Countess, and am only lost in thought how I can best prove myself worthy her friendship. I do not doubt, Don Ferdinand, your ability to execute the duties you have volunteered, as far as spirit, courage, and the elevation of the cause may inspire; but your youth, delicacy of health, and elegance of appearance suit but little with these.”

“Signor,” cried Ferdinand, no mother retards the departure of her son in this period of glory. I passed your sentinels, they are but children. In the camp I shall lose the

effeminacy of my education, and every battle will render me worthier of the next. My health is not always delicate. I have arrived to sorrow, and new scenes are necessary to efface the remembrance of my uncle's disgrace and Estella's loss. I shed tears, Signor," cried he, passing his hand over his eyes, "but they are for disgrace, not death. Judge then if I shall disgrace you."

"You are my friend and brother," cried Montolieu; "retire to rest under my roof, and recruit your strength for the arduous service a few days may bring."

Montolieu left him soon after for the General's quarters; he was admitted, and found him alone. Whilst guarding the secret of Ferdinand, he ventured to express his fear of a youth so young and delicate being adequate to the duties he had been, he understood, appointed to.

"Why not," said the good Castanos, "I

wish all ages to seek the standard ; Meretz is delicate, but seems full of enterprize. I was charmed with the spirit and fire of his address ; besides, he rides well, and, consequently, will be better able to encounter fatigue. Believe me, I would rather have an army of Spanish women and boys, than cool unimpassioned seniors. Go," said he, giving Montolieu his hand, " provide a soldier's dress for your subaltern, and I will be answerable for his conduct."

Ferdinand had arrived at Madrid with two attendants and a fine Andalusian charger. On the following morning he rode about the city with Montolieu, and was introduced by him to the officers of his division. The stranger excited universal curiosity, and the ladies, understanding his patriotism, and charmed with his grace, vied in invitations to their refrescos.

Ferdinand accompanied Montolieu to the Duchess de St. C——, where he was the

admiration of the circle. The party broke up at an early hour, and on their return home the Englishman and his young guest conversed of the evening's amusement.

"The Duchess is very beautiful," exclaimed Ferdinand. "You have seen my cousin Estella, was she as lively?"

"I avoid mentioning her to you from obvious reasons," replied Montolieu, who felt embarrassed at the question; "or I would have enquired how that unfortunate lady bears her father's loss: you appear not to have seen her?"

"I learnt information of her from the Countess," returned Ferdinand. "The Marquis was thrown into confinement a few days after your departure, through the perfidy of my tutor, Ximenes. Letters had passed under the Marquis's seal to Madrid, of which he disclaimed knowledge; that unfortunate man was hurried to the Convent of Augustine, and there shortly terminated

an existence that ceased to have charms, deprived of honour. His daughter, overwhelmed with despair, refused comfort for many days; when suddenly growing composed, she, ordering her effects to be sold, and the amount sent to the Patriot fund at Seville, she shortly retired to a convent, and assumed the veil. This tress of hair," said he, taking the waving jet from an ivory box in his writing case, "was cut off after she entered the convent."

Montolieu gazed at it wishfully—"Ferdinand," said he, "you have never seen your cousin, and beyond the ties of blood and the interest of her misfortunes, feel not as I have done. Estella will ever retain my affections; my first passion, she will ever remain, unimpaired by another image."

"Signor," said Ferdinand, "I present you this—and request your confidence; my cousin is lost to us both, but my esteem of

her I have only heard of, will ever remain. Your love for her you knew, may mingle with our discourse."

Montolieu could not resist the repeated solicitations of Ferdinand, and revealed to him his passion for Estella from its commencement to their parting.

During a recital to which his feelings gave energy, the youth seemed greatly agitated, and shewed a sensibility that greatly endeared him to Montolieu; who, during the few days that intervened before their march, became so fond of his young charge, as to regret the danger to which he must shortly be exposed, and to form schemes of removing him from it.

Intelligence having been received of the movements of the French in Navarre and Biscay, the Spanish armies now in force left Madrid on their route to Burgos. They traced a path marked by the excesses of

drooped of those who experienced the wretchedness of receiving either friends or foes.

Montolieu had reason to be pleased with Ferdinand, who harangued the soldiers of their little band, till the impressions of passing misery were effaced by his eloquence. His spirited Andalusian bounded swiftly through the ranks, or checked, as his master cheered the drooping soldier, with head inclined, and snowy mane sweeping the ground, gently pawed the earth till his graceful burthen vaulted again on the saddle.

During the first day's march, Montolieu recognized Valide, who seemed as much attached to Ferdinand, as it had once been to Estella. Expressing his surprise, his young friend informed him he had brought it from Seville, and that during his short stay at Madrid it had remained with his attendants, who were now on their return. In vain Montolieu lavished caresses on Valide,

the French army; and already the spirit it attached itself to Ferdinand, bounding swiftly by his horse, partaking of his meal, and sharing his couch.

The conduct of the Patriots in the commencement of Montolieu's command, was highly calculated to increase his interest in their cause; even their religious observances, as yet not interfering with the hour of battle, were beheld with solemn impressions.

Castanos was shortly invested with rank in the council of war, and leaving his army, Ferdinand and Montolieu, with their little troop of cavalry, mounted previous to leaving Madrid, joined Blake at Friers. Here they were engaged in several skirmishes with the French, and proved victorious.

Montolieu's spirits revived as a general battle was expected, but he was by no means satisfied with the encreasing melancholy of his companion; who, though he

had shewn proofs of bravery in accidental engagements with the enemy's out-posts, seemed to droop as fresh occasions called for greater energy. His frame, as Montolieu presaged, proved too delicate for fatigue, and reduced to a shade; his fine eyes alone sparkled with wonted fire.

Attached to Ferdinand, Montolieu sought by every means to rouse him from despondence, and to shield him from danger. He had been wounded slightly in the arm, but resisted, with indignation, every attempt to induce him to quit the post of honour.

Amid the mountains of the Sierra de Occa, tremendous storms of lightning forced them frequently to the shelter of the convents, built amid lofty and wild precipices. Montolieu, who ranked many monks among his soldiers, met with kindness from the superiors.

Towards the latter end of October, his little band, near the mountains of Honteria,

encountered the awful storms of the season. The reverberating thunder seemed to shake the foundations of rocks coeval with the skies. The vivid lightning playing round the iron crosses erected at intervals on the points of the rugged eminences, seemed as the destroying glances of offended heaven.

The soldiers, dismounting in the defile, with downcast eyes and uncovered heads, bent in silent prayer; whilst their chargers, in the receding attitude of fear, beheld, with glaring eye-balls and stiffened mane, the fiery bolts, and trembled with the earth at the awful voice of heaven.

Ferdinand, leaning over his charger, devoutly crossing his breast, and raising his eyes, seemed to hold communication with angels. Montolieu fixed his regards on a figure worthy the pencil of Caravagi.

As the storm dispersed, the fathers of a Benedictine convent, situated on the height, descended and invited the Patriots to their

monastery, whose high walls appeared, mingling its spires with the rocky points of the acclivity. Taking Ferdinand by the arm, Montolieu, followed by his soldiers, ascended the path, their steeds winding slowly in the rear, stopping only at intervals to slake their thirst in the torrent, or browse the few traces of vegetation.

The officers of the division were ushered into the refectory, and a meal presented them, in character with ecclesiastic temperance and military hardship. The monks, who seemed by no means devoid of curiosity as to the affairs of that world they had relinquished, were eager for intelligence. This by no means met the wishes of such of the groupe as remembered the interior of their own monasteries; and sufficient hints were given and understood, to remove from the supper table pyramids of bones and flagons of sour wine.

Montolieu, on enquiring for Ferdinand,

who had retired early, heard he was in the chapel, and forbore to summon him to the monastic board, now graced with wines of rich flavour.

Entering into conversation with the fathers, he generally found them men who, having in youth run into extreme vices, now chose their opposites, and boasted of extreme virtues. Once unbending, they joined hilarity, and jested even to the borders of the holy land.

The rapid events of the preceding months seemed known to them, and Montolieu ceased to regret the absence of his young friend, when they spoke of the disgrace of Mondecarr. Ximenes, formerly of their order, apparently had executed no plan with which they were unacquainted. Indeed, this had not been the first instance in which Montolieu had observed the communication that seemed to exist between the clergy serving in the field, and advising in

the cabinet, with their brethren in the cloister. When Spain removed her generals for treachery, and her statemen for corruption, she forbore to unlink this chain.

CHAPTER XIV.

“ Delightful stream ! had Nature bid thee fall
In distant climes, far from the perjur’d Gaul ;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies—
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise ;
Each Vineyard, doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor’s bowl each vintage flows ;
The discontented shades of slaughter’d hosts
That wander’d on her banks—her heroes’ ghosts,
Hop’d when they saw Britannia’s arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great death was
near.”

* * * * *

“ The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter’d the remains of day ;
Ev’ning approach’d—but, oh ! what hosts of foes
Were never to behold that ev’ning close.”

THE flower of the Patriot troops shortly assembled on the banks of the Ebro ; the evacuation of Bilboa by Ney allowing a junction of their armies. Montolieu and

and other officers, whose divisions had been engaged in partial skirmishes, closed into the main body, and the day of attack was anxiously expected.

When the enterprising Englishman engaged in the Spanish service, he had believed the Patriots capable of defending their cause with bravery beyond example; but the few actions in which he had an opportunity of witnessing the conduct of the undisciplined peasantry, gave him a fatal presentiment of their conduct when charged by regulars.

Many other causes may be adduced for the total dispersion of the left body, under Romana. The peasantry had been allowed to waste their first ardour by cautious approaches. Ill cloathed and ill armed, a season approached when disease must open its graves, and experienced troops advance to engage them.

The numerous priests that mingled with

the army shackled every movement by their superstitions. Auspicious days waited for, opportunities lost in compliment to the saints ; the fastings of the sick, and the penances of the wounded, were observed with an undeviating exactness, at which even the General dare not murmur.

The valour of the people was uncertain ; they seemed to have no decisive character. The hero who excited applause by acts of desperate bravery in the morning, fled before the shadows of the evening. Numbers could not be ascertained, since bodies of men who offered themselves at noon, and received food and arms, fled at night to the mountains ; and not unfrequently, when an attack has been declined from want of numbers, a little army of the panic-struck returned, determined to wipe off their disgrace by a glorious death. Thus wavering, at times gaining laurels, at others blasting them, what could be expected?

Montolieu had, however, no retreat; his honour was engaged, and though he deeply regretted his departure from Gibraltar, he mounted his horse with the determination of sustaining the British character. As he placed his foot in the stirrup, Ferdinand advanced, his face crimsoned with indignation—"Signor," cried he, "how have I disgraced you?—does the misfortunes of Mondecar unfit his nephew for the part of a soldier?"

"My dear Ferdinand," cried Montolieu, soothingly, "the post I assign you must be held by some officer; and it is an important one, since the comforts of the army depend on the safety of your charge."

"Montolieu," answered Ferdinand, advancing and laying his hand on his breast; "if I have not long to live, where can I better die? Of what value am I? None will regret me. You are dear to me; yet, I repeat, if you deny me this boon, you break my heart."

His tones were impressive, and his manner so intreating, that Montolieu hesitated no longer; and Ferdinand, mounting, instantly cheerfully waved to his men, and they eagerly advanced.

The misfortunes of that day were imputed to treason; almost the whole army gave way at the first charge, and deaf to the voice of their commanders, fled in all directions, diffusing panic wherever their disorderly numbers fled. Three thousand men, amongst whom were Montolieu's troops, cut desperately through the enemy, and finding all lost, retired towards the mountains of Leon.

At night, Montolieu, with feelings that baffle description, found himself deserted by all but one soldier, and Ferdinand; who, wounded and weak, could scarcely bear the motion of his faithful steed. Throwing himself on the ground, he bewailed his disgrace in all the agony of wounded sensibility.

The soldier called his attention to the state of Ferdinand :—" Happy boy !" cried he, " his disgrace will be buried in his grave. Better he die than survive the hour."

" Signor !" exclaimed the soldier, " the Patriots will yet rally. Holy Virgin ! my heart misgave me when Father Ignatius forgot the bones of St. Ursula ; it spread like wild-fire through the ranks, as soon as he discovered the box was not carried before the colours."

" Would he were here !" exclaimed Montelieu, " I would make an offering to the saints. But who are you ? Why do you not leave your leader, and forgetting every thing but self, seek your safety ?"

" Signor," cried the soldier, " were it morning you would think these solitary places secure. I shall join the army again ; meantime allow me to follow your fortunes. Be advised, Signor, I know this country, and advance into the mountains."

Montolieu suffered himself to be guided on, in the hope of procuring assistance for Ferdinand; and as morning dawned, beheld the wild country about Moretinas. It had rained incessantly during the night; but with light, the vapours dispersing, gave promise of a brilliant day. The balmy scent of odoriferous shrubs, the harmony of birds who, shaking their humid wings, expanded them to the genial sun, softened the wild and solitary grandeur of the scene.

Casting his eyes around in quest of shelter for his cherished Ferdinand, he beheld on the pinnacle of the mountain, in high ascent, the remains of a castle of Moorish architecture. A bridge boldly thrown over the rocky chasin beneath, led to an immense and pointed archway, at whose sides descended superb cascades, falling over beds of marble, till reaching the borders of a solitary wood in the valley below, the body of crystal waters glided silently into its recesses.

The scene was that of solitary grandeur. Montolieu staid not to contemplate it, but leaving Ferdinand stretched on the turf, ascended the height, followed by Valide, whose weary steps wandered in quest of food.

Arrived at the portal, Montolieu seeing a cord descend from a minaret above, rang the immense bell from which it was suspended. The sound died away in murmurs through the grass-worn courts—all seemed deserted, and silent as the grave. Montolieu repeated his endeavours, and tried the portal, but it resisted his efforts. A slow reluctant step at length paced the court, and opening a grating in the door, enquired his wishes:—

To be permitted to bring a wounded Patriot beneath your roof; he dies for assistance at the foot of the rocks.”

“I am alone, Signor, it may be dangerous to admit you; from whence come you?”

“ From the dispersed army of Romana ; all is lost. I conjure you help my friend.”

Shutting the grate, the interrogator withdrew, and after a stay of such length as to induce Montolieu to believe he had failed in his application, returned, and opened the portal cautiously, appeared accompanied by a peasant boy. Montolieu, seeing the old woman willing to accompany him, and that she had brought a piece of tapestry to form a litter, loaded her with blessings, and joyfully preceded her down the steeps.

Ferdinand, laid on the bier, was carried slowly up the hill, and recovered from the swoon into which he had fallen on being brought into a spacious apartment, and laid on a couch.

Whilst restoratives were administering, the old woman, who gazed on the youth with astonishment, could not refrain from expressing her surprise at his youth and beauty. Ferdinand, scarce attending to her

exclamations of wonder, feebly lifted his eyes to surrounding objects, and with agitated looks of alarm, enquired where he had been brought?

“To the Castello Mondecar,” replied the old woman, “it is solitary now, but what care I and Carlo,” pointing to her grandson, “can take, sweet Signor, you may depend on.”

“It shall not go unrewarded,” cried Montolieu, pressing his purse into her hand, “let this convince you I am not ungrateful,”

Jacintha waving her head, placed it again respectfully beside Ferdinand.

Montolieu now proceeded to examine the wounds of his young friend. He found only a slight one in the head; the alarming weakness of the youth had proceeded more from excessive fatigue and agitation of spirits than actual injury in the engagement.

Montolieu felt a weight removed from his breast, and could he have forgot he had become a disgraced wanderer, the conviction of Ferdinand's safety would have rendered it the happiest moment of his life. Turning to the soldier, who hung over him with looks of sympathy, he enquired his name—

“Julian Meretz,” replied the Patriot, bowing.

“Strange!” exclaimed Montolieu; “accident gives me what all my enquiries could not effect. Soldier, I have a story in reserve for you, which, if I mistake not, you will prefer to gold;—but to the accommodation of Ferdinand.”

Following Jacintha through a long, dark, and desolate corridor, Montolieu entered many apartments branching from it, ere he could resolve on bringing a delicate invalid to their damp and comfortless chambers.

“This, Signor,” cried Jacintha, opening the door of a spacious room, “is the state

chamber of the family. This castle was built by the Marquis Carlos Mondecár, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, to commemorate his exploits against the Moors in whose manner it was built. The Mondecars never sunk, Signor; till falsehood tainted their name; rest the soul of the Marquis," cried she, devoutly crossing herself.

"Montolieu felt his lowered spirits affected by the gloom of surrounding objects, but desirous of repose for his friend, he busied himself with Carlo in the preparation of this room of gloomy state. The curtains of the bed were of black velvet, embroidered with tarnished gold; the quilt of the same materials; above nodded sable plumes in circlets of faded gilding.

A large lamp was suspended from the ceiling, of curious workmanship; on its branchings the rust of time had accumulated, till scarce any traces of its costly materials could be discerned. In a recess, a

black marble crucifix on an ivory slab, half veiled by a curtain of velvet, had an ascent of three steps of marble, on which two high silver candlesticks, and a lamp of the same materials for burning incense, were placed.

Two large paintings, on historical subjects, nearly covered the walls; draperies of velvet, half suspended over the figures, added to the skill of the painter.

Montolieu looked from the casements; they commanded a view of the wooded valley beneath, over which the castle hung in fearful ascent.

Ferdinand carried to his chamber, was left, at his request, with Jacintha; and Montolieu, observing her tenderness and care, hesitated not, but entered the adjoining chamber, which he intended to occupy. Its furniture was of blue Genoa velvet, and on some shelves of curiously carved wood, a few old books were placed; he had the curiosity to open them, and found the plays

of *Morto* and some romances. On the table lay an illuminated *Missel*, with 'Padre Clement' written in the first page.

"Is there any convent in the neighbourhood?" enquired Montolieu, as Jacintha entered.

"One of St. Benedict, Signor. I am about to send Carlo thither; the Cavalier needs many comforts the fathers will willingly bestow."

"It will be best for me to accompany him," replied Montolieu, "meantime I leave my friend with confidence to your care."

Jacintha observing that Julian was engaged with the chargers, and could not attend him to the convent, led the way to a stone gallery, from whence a door opening through the wall, presented a flight of steps cut down the shelving masses of the rock. Guided by Carlo, Montolieu descended the declivity, humid from the spray of an ad-

joining fall, and following the windings of the rugged way round the base of the mountain, came in view of the monastery.

The scene suited the wild pencil of *Salvator Rosa*—rocky fragments of the surrounding heights, torn by the force of cataclysms, strewn the valley with mishapen blocks of granite. No vegetation appeared save where a few wild laurel and shrubby myrtle trees traced the path of the tributary *Ca*, in its progress to the distant *Douro*.

The dark walls of the convent rose amidst a cleft of the opposite mountain, surrounded by trees of wildest growth—the locust palm and cork; two enormous trunks of the latter formed a gigantic cross at the portal, whose rude structure bore character with the scene. On the rocky ascent behind the building, appeared hermitages, near whose cells, cut in the rocks, and simple gardens of herbs, strayed the mountain streams. A few brethren, clad in brown cloth habits, their beards

descending to their girdle, wandered through the valley, or seated near the cross, meditated as they read.

Montolieu paused; his eye contemplated by turns the solitary and majestic mountains—the rugged valley beneath, murmuring to the rush of waters—the dark mansion of religious seclusion, and the meek and placid countenances of such of its inhabitants as were advancing to greet the stranger:——“In such a scene,” sighed he, “Estella forgets the horrors of war, the perplexities and sacrifices of state, and, doubtless, the solitudes of love.”

His heart filled with emotion as he reflected his name might be breathed in her prayer—ascend with the incense of her altar; and he advanced with respect towards the ministers of her religion.

The fathers of St. Benedict, on hearing Montolieu's story, were eager to afford every assistance to Ferdinand, whilst the lay-

brothers prepared medicines and refreshment, Padre Clement attended him to the superior. Extreme age had deprived the venerable ecclesiastic of the power of walking, but his intellectual powers remained unimpaired; his speech had strength of matter and utterance, and his eyes sparkled with the fires of youth, as the struggles of his country, or the necessity of benevolence to those who had suffered in its defence, became the topic.

Montolieu, who had abundant reason during his sojourn in Spain, to believe the monk of that country a creature made up of luxurious craft and selfish ignorance, viewed with respect the fathers of St. Benedict and their virtuous and accomplished superior, who, as he afterwards understood from Clement, had retired in youth from the allurements of rank and pleasure, and retained nothing of the world but the polish of its education.

On his taking leave, Montolieu was compelled to promise he would apply to the convent for every comfort necessary for himself and his friend, and returned in company with Clement, a lay-brother, loaded with presents to the wounded Patriot, and little Carlo, who ran joyously on to announce their approach.

"I almost wonder we were admitted by Jacintha," observed the Englishman to his companion; "her situation is solitary, her trust great, and the times might reasonably give birth to suspicion."

"She has no cause of dread," replied Clement; "our convent sends thither every day; the order is numerous, and though we have sent sums of money to the Patriots, none of us have appeared in arms, a measure which would only bring the excess of revenge to our shrines; nor do we make distinctions amongs the sufferers of the battle, but Spaniards and Frenchmen lie in

our hospital, and we struggle only how to give most time for repentance to those least fit to die."

Carlo had now reached the top of the rock, and Jacintha opened the door to his eager voice. Seeing the Padre, she loaded him with blessings, and joyfully conducted him to Ferdinand. Rest had restored in part the exhaustion of late fatigue, and Clement beheld with astonishment the young and graceful soldier. On inspecting his wound, he declared it of no serious tendency; and after dressing it, and giving directions to Jacintha as to its future care, recommended the restoratives of wine and diet, which the superior had ordered to be brought.

As Clement would have taken leave, Ferdinand requested his stay:—"I am a zealous Catholic," said the youth, "but since my intercourse with soldiers, I have had few opportunities of embracing the comforts of

the church; I would be confessed, and request when you return my acknowledgements to the superior of St. Benedict, you would intreat masses for one who, accused falsely, perished fatally."

A heavy sigh seemed to proceed from the arras, and occasioned a pause. Clement, reproving Jacintha for the fear her countenance expressed, observed calmly—"the wind is rising, and the night promises tempest."

"Ah! holy father!" exclaimed the old woman, "the Signors will soon know these sounds are heard at other times than those of tempest."

"Peace!" cried Clement, angrily, "retire, and say your beads."

Ferdinand's countenance struggled with the mingled emotions of grief and indignation; regarding Jacintha with severity, he demanded what stain blotted the name of Mondecár, that its vassals should dread the

walls that shelter them.—“ Say,” cried the youth in a voice of sorrowful energy, “ do the honourable ancestors of this house rise in the imagination of ingrates, and wandering through their possessions, accuse themselves of crimes.”

“ Signor,” cried Jacintha, “ forgive me ; I am old and foolish, and I verily believe age has turned my brain ; for as you spoke, I could have believed you my late master, when at the age of seventeen I had the honour to carry the first grapes of the vintage to the young lord and his mother. I wish I was near Dame Menes, she has the spittle of St. Chrysostom in a bottle, which is sovereign for the dispersion of such fancies.”

Leaving Clement closetted with Ferdinand, Montolieu, taking Jacintha to his room, endeavoured to amuse her from dwelling on his young friend's rebuke ; and, whilst she spread his repast, encouraged her by his manner and libations from the flag-

gon of Paxarete Carlo held, to recommence the conversation which the frowns of Clement and the rebuke of Ferdinand had interrupted.

“The Virgin guard you, Signor,” cried she, taking the glass he offered, “you are pleased with an old woman, which is more than I can say for the fathers; they look down on those without wisdom, and yet I have a miracle more in my memory than those holy men; for when Dame Ortiz Quinales sat before the image of St. Benedict, after eating meat in Lent, all her teeth dropped at the saint’s feet; but on her mumbling a prayer to the virgin, they formed themselves into a rosary, the fore-teeth being avies, and the grinders paters.”

“And is it the chattering of Dame Ortiz Quinales’ teeth you hear in the castle?”

“Save you, Signor, you are pleasant; but when you sleep a night or two here you may be graver. I have been many years

in the Mondecar family, and love them, Signor; the late Marchioness was a lovely lady, and would have passed her days willingly amongst the mountains of Leon, but my lord preferred Andalusia. His only child, the Lady Estella was born there, and about five years ago visited us. I lay ill at the time, but I have heard her described, and will repeat what I have remembered of her beauty to you, Signor."

"No," cried Montolieu, "not now; return to the ghost of the castle."

"Well then, Signor; I lived quietly as became a good Catholic, till the troubles broke out in Spain, and then I heard the Marquis was greatly occupied; the superior of the convent, who is of the family of Santa Croix, and in youth was a companion of my lord's, though much his senior, heard frequently of him—till suddenly, Signor, came the news of his treason and death. The Junta forgot the old castle of Leon,

and, sinner as I am, I lived peaceably till last month. It was the eve of St. Theresa, Carlo's mother had come over from Villalen to stay a week with me, and we were folding up our redezillias after mass; Signora Ollala's had a fringe on it that deep—"

"And so shall yours, Jacintha, provided you finish your story quickly."

"Well, Signor, I thought you might like to know; some of your countrymen were very curious in that particular, they say, at Valladolid. Well, Signor, it came into my old foolish head to talk about the late Marquis—'Sure, (said I) my lord must have passed the shrines of Seville without crossing himself, that all this mischief has befallen him.'—'Ah, mother, (was Ollala's very words) the soldiers at Villalen said, but Monday, Mondecár was a traitor, and would have sold Seville to the enemy.'—'The Virgin of Maritanos guard us! (said I) 'tis enough to raise the dead; alas! the

great Lewis Mondecar little thought these old walls, raised in honour of his victories, would stand to be pointed at as a traitor's possessions'—At that moment, Signor, Jesu! I shall never forget it, came a groan, as if some poor soul in torment supplicated prayers for its repose. Signor," cried Jacintha, her eyes filling, "poor as I am, I would willingly give my last maravedis to obtain its release from purgatory. Presently, Signor, a low rustling noise ran round the arras, and died away. Ollala attempted to speak, and fell into a fit; this partly recovered me. The poor child soon came to herself, but you may guess how the night was spent, Signor. Padre Clement came in the morning—I shall never forget how sternly he looked when I besought him to sprinkle the rooms and cause prayers in the chapel. Well, Signor, from that time scarce a night passes but I hear odd sounds, the fathers say it is the wind, but, dear Sig-

nor, the wind does not walk after one in the passages, and sigh so strong as to blow out one's lamp."

"Undoubtedly it does," observed Montolieu, laughing.

"Well, Signor," said Jacintha, in a tone of disappointment; "if that may not be believed, sure when I say, as true as the bones of St. Ursula's virgins are the property of the Benedictines, that I saw but last week the figure of the Marquis on the landing-place, you may credit me."

Montolieu now began to tire of Jacintha's facts, and ordering her to send Julian to him, dismissed her.

"My good fellow," said Montolieu to the soldier as he entered, "I promised you a reward for your fidelity, and if you are refreshed, will give you, with my purse, a story of your family."

During the recital of Montolieu's little narrative, Julian shewed a conflict of emo-

tions; as he concluded, he cried—"Tell me, Signor, may I lay by the soldier, and speak as a husband and father?"

"You must not draw a line there, Julian," replied Montolieu, gravely; "these relations in life but give a firmer grasp to the sword; and I dare pledge myself, that of the disgraced Patriots of the late defeat, few were men whose cottage sheltered a wife or a daughter: yet speak, Julian, I have a commission of trust to give, and wish an assurance of your return."

"Signor," cried Julian, "be it what it may, I swear by my saints to perform it. I do not deny my heart yearns to home, but I have vowed not to return whilst a Frenchman remains in Spain. Judge, Signor, if I shall soon embrace my family. If you believe me worthy of confidence, give me but a few pieces from that purse for my expences; you will need it, and I beg you not to bestow it where it will be less wanted."

“ My commission is this, Julian,” said Montolieu, as he reluctantly took his purse, “ Don Ferdinand needs the rest of some days, here we shall remain during that period ; obtain the dress of a peasant, and on your mule proceed to Mansilla, and further if necessary ; find if the scattered army have collected in any number, and where is the rallying point at which we may join—tomorrow depart—I rely on you.”

Julian received his orders with the air of a man appointed to the command of armies. As he left the room, Jacintha returned with a message from Ferdinand, purporting he should not quit his apartment that night.”

“ The Virgin guard us !” cried the loquacious dame, “ what sins these cavaliers have on their consciences ; Padre Clement passed me as he came out from receiving confession, and he looked as if the sweet cavalier had owned to murder. Well, Signor,” cried she, adjusting the heavy cur-

tains of dark moreen that surrounded the high canopied bed, "I wish you quiet repose ; after what I have told, you may believe I am happy to see you in the castle, and long may you remain."

Montolieu thanking her ironically, resigned himself to slumber, without a dream of her marvellous communication.

CHAPTER XV.

"Live you? or are you aught
That man may question."

FATIGUE gave Montolieu no opportunity of satisfactorily answering in the morning Jacintha's eager enquiries. He rose in health, and learning Julian, in obedience to his orders, had left the castle with the dawn, met his young friend with renovated spirits. Ferdinand had likewise experienced the salutary effects of balmy rest, and that day and the two following were spent by the friends in inspecting the castle, and occasionally reading from the few old books they found on casual shelves in the apartments.

Montolieu, with the arm of Ferdinand passed through his, and preceded by Jacintha, garrulous in tales coeval with the edifice, delighted to saunter about the apartments, at every step discovering some relic of antiquity his eye had before passed. The heavy furniture, the religious ornaments, the worked arras, and the stained casements, were those of ancient magnificence and modern neglect.

The small rooms of the towers were paved with tiles of Azulejos. This Jacintha greatly regretted, as only used in the inferior residences of the present day.

“The richest suite of rooms are over the chapel,” said she, “and as the torrents of rain will hinder any of the fathers from coming over, I shall shew them. One would think,” said she, as the door opened to one of the keys of her girdle, “some treasure was deposited here, from the orders of Padre Clement; but you see, Signors,

there is only furniture rich enough, but too heavy for Jacintha to carry away."

Ferdinand, after a pause in which he surveyed the arrassed walls, ornamented by hands now mouldering in the grave—couches whose down once received the pressure of beauties, whose lovely forms were reflected by lofty mirrors, now dim with damps and obscure from the soil of time and neglect, moralized as he walked:—"Behold," said he to Montolieu, "perhaps the countenance portrayed on that canvass has once awoke the tenderest passions, has inspired love and reciprocally smiled—it lies below us, a prey to the great conquerer, and we cannot even guess the fate of beauty, fleeting as the hour. Behold again the warrior; he waves his distant soldiery to battle; pursue the direction of his hand—it may lead to his tomb."

"You say true, Signor," cried Jacintha, "that is Don Hernandez Mondecár, he was

a warrior in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella; his tomb is below in the chapel, and gladly would I shew it you, but the monks keep the keys; and, I assure you, cavaliers, should the French wander this way, they will find booty.

“The sensation with which we touch relics of departed years,” said the Englishman to his companion, “partakes of the solemnity which steals on the thoughts at objects of death. Where does this door lead to?” enquired he, as he entered a closet, and discovered the hinges through the tattered hangings.

“To the vaults of the chapel, Signor, the key is at the convent, I assure you I do not envy the holy men their charge, for assuredly it is from hence the unquiet spirits come to wander nightly about the galleries.”

“I believe,” said Ferdinand in a low voice, as Jacintha walked to the extremity

of the dusky apartment, "the dame has infected me with her fears. I awoke last night, terrified by either the dream or the reality of mournful sounds; and so strongly was my imagination worked on, that starting from my bed, I fancied I saw, by the rays of the moon, a figure retire behind the arras."

"Or one of its worked ones animated," said Montolieu, jestingly.

"The sky clears," cried Carlo, who had climbed up the casement, "and now I see Padre Clement coming through the valley."

"I beseech you leave these rooms," cried Jacintha; "I would I knew why they are kept thus secret; there," said she, closing the outer door of the suite, with its massy key, "I wonder this was left by them."

Clement came to inform Ferdinand his request had been complied with, and that the first mass for the repose of the late Marquis would be celebrated that night in

the chapel of the castle. Clement's manner was a mingled expression of respect and pity ; and Montolieu, as he marked it, conjectured the secrets of confession had acquainted Clement with the affinity of Ferdinand to the unfortunate and ill-fated Mondecarr.

The Padre shortly withdrew with the lay-brothers and Jacintha, to prepare the chapel for the solemnity. Ferdinand, left with his friend, hesitated an instant, then, with some confusion, said——“ You are not a Catholic—I despair of your ever being one, yet surely you will not object to attending mass this night, though doubtless the Marquis and his unfortunate child are faded from memory, for of them you never speak.”

“ Do not conjecture from thence I think not, Ferdinand,” replied Montolieu, very gravely ; “ the passions that are buried in the breast, that seek not the indulgence of converse, or the sympathy of friendship, are

deep and lasting. Shall I own, Ferdinand, that to you I like not to speak of Estella. You were consigned by an amiable friend to my care; your accomplishments, amiable manners, say your likeness to the woman I adored, have rendered you dear to me as a brother; were it otherwise, would I have permitted your services in the field—allowed your dejection to pass uncensured—or your fragile and delicate frame to waste itself in unprofitable service; blush not, you are brave; but the brilliant flame that burns in your bosom, consumes its lamp. It is too late to repent of your joining the army, nor know I how to tell a youth who bears a soldier's wound on his brow, I wish he were a lady's captive, and all his weapons those of verse and song."

"You despise me," cried Ferdinand, clasping his hands with emotion.

"Not so, my loved friend; I cannot well express my feelings, but you may judge of

your power over me, when in three short months I can love affectionately the youth for whom Estella was destined. Discussions on religion have been sedulously avoided by me. My mother, the most amiable of human beings, is a Catholic; guess then if the religion has not come to me in every endearing shape, when my ductile mind was in its infancy, I rejected it, now it cannot be admitted; from a mother's lip its precepts were uttered without avail; my faith is therefore rooted; but do not doubt my attending chapel to-night. No prayer shall ascend for Mondecár, to which mine shall not be joined. I pledge my life on his innocence, and trust he is in bliss. As for Estella, she came on me like a vision of Paradise, and thus has vanished: the recollection of such a woman, the burial of such a love, forbids intrusion—'tis the sacrilege that would remove the tomb, Ferdinand."

“ But one question, dearest Montolieu,” cried the youth, “ had this Estella you tenderly loved become your’s, would her faith receive no censure—would its observances been permitted ?” .

“ Undoubtedly, my mother would have received her to her bosom, and accompanied her to the altar. Lady Hanille is a strict Catholic, and if you will believe the partiality of a son, does honour to the faith she professes; her days are spent in doing good, the charity of her hand, the prayers of her heart, and the undeviating example of her life, are blessings to those who approach her.”

“ Ah!” said Ferdinand, “ with such a mother, the wife you would chuse must be superior to all I can fancy.”

“ I will be sincere, Ferdinand; had I not seen Estella, it is not in Spain, my choice would have been made. Her women have unequalled fascination, but are they free

from those failings at which the lover smiles but the husband frowns ; I think their wit wants delicacy, their grace chastity, and their honour a guard—Yet have I loved a Spanish woman ardently.”

The entrance of Clement interrupted their conversation. He came to conduct them to the chapel, and perceiving Ferdinand pallid and trembling, assisted Montolieu in supporting him as they walked through the hall to its entrance.

Descending at the extremity by marble steps, immense folding doors discovered the chapel illuminated by the faint light of silver lamps. Soft mist of incense rose in spiral vapours, offering perfume of myrrh and frankincense to the surrounding shrines. A sable curtain veiled the high altar at whose feet Ferdinand threw himself on the pavement, and awaited in prayer the commencement of mass.

Montolieu, with uncovered head and re-

spectful silence bent over him, his eyes by turns surveying the distant tombs, whose sculptured figures seemed to start from obscurity, as the quivering lights cast partial rays over their recumbent forms; and viewing at others, with astonishment, the emotions of Ferdinand, who wept with anguish as he prayed.

The solemn, slow, and affecting *Miserere* announced the commencement of the solemnity. The curtain of the altar slowly lifting, disclosed another, lighted by a solitary lamp whose pure and silvery hue increased the sombre appearance of the veil: a third withdrawing, gave to the view in a recess of black marble, an alabaster crucifix before which were placed innumerable tapers in massy silver candlesticks.

The service now began, with all the solemn ceremonies of Romish worship. At midnight the voices of the monks lowering to a strain of affecting pathos, died away;

at its close, the tapers were suddenly extinguished, and Clement alone remained of the brothers; he assisted Ferdinand to his apartment, and preparing an opiate, administered it to the agitated youth.

When Montolieu retired to his apartment, he in vain sought repose; a train of wandering thoughts banished sleep, and finding it impossible to compose himself, he opened his casement, and watched the varieties of shadow produced by a brilliant moon on the rocky precipices below. No sound, but the chirp of the lizard, disturbed the hour, and meditating on Estella, Du Marr, Valmont, and Lady Hanille by turns, Montolieu sunk into the pleasing reveries memory supplies to absence, bringing objects to view, and lessening distances.

He remained a considerable time absorbed in thought; the sound of steps at length aroused him, and convinced he had not yielded to the influence of fancy, he listened

attentively, and distinctly heard steps advancing up the gallery, and pause near his door; in a few minutes they proceeded, and Montolieu, convinced the intruder had entered Ferdinand's room, hastily lifted the hangings of his apartments, under which the day before he had perceived a door of communication; it yielded to his touch, and the tattered arras on the other side afforded him a view of every object within.

The moon shone with uncommon brilliancy, and he perceived himself within a few paces of Ferdinand's bed, towards which a dusky figure slowly glided. His hand grasped on his sword, Montolieu attentively watched its motions, prepared to strike, should its attentions be hostile. Placing a small lamp on a table near the bed, it advanced, and seemed to mourn in anguish over the supposed Ferdinand, whose senses, bound in a soporific chain, were weighed down by leaden slumbers.

Montolieu gazed on the sleeping form with amazement ; its disordered dress disclosing the bosom of a female. The long waving tresses that, escaping from their confinement, swept the floor in undulating beauty, betrayed that secret, which the attire of a soldier, the canopy of heaven, the bed of sickness, and even the field of battle, had hitherto reserved. The heart Estella had conquered, now acknowledged her, but hardly had its pulses throbbed with transport, than amazement and horror checked the impulse. The figure, taking the lamp from the table, advanced again to the bed, and gazed on its fair inhabitant—“ Farewell, farewell, my child !” groaned a voice, whose remembered tones struck a damp to Montolieu’s heart. He hardly breathed, as slowly turning to quit the apartment, the figure, by the glimmerings of its melancholy lamp disclosed the livid, shrunk, and altered features of Mondecarr!

“Do I dream?” thought the astonished youth, “or can the sorrowing father return from the grave to mourn over the wanderings of his child? are such things possible?”

‘I have heard (but not believed) the spirits of
The dead may walk again?’

be it mortal, or some unquiet spirit burst its cearments, I’ll follow it, nor tamely yield to the illusions of fancy.”

Not daring to cast his eyes to the couch, where slumbered her on whose beauty imagination had often dwelt, on whose delicacy he had pledged his faith, yet who, following the impulse of passion, disguised the one and sacrificed the other—he followed the noiseless steps of the spectre through the long windings of the castle. Once it turned and waved him from his purpose:—

“I am not to be deterred!” exclaimed Montolieu, “I follow even to the grave.”

The suite of rooms carefully closed by

by Jacintha, opened as by magic; the shade of Mondecar passed slowly through, his indistinct form, and the pursuing one of Montolieu reflected dimly on the high mirrors.

At the closet the figure paused—"Have you courage to descend?" exclaimed a voice whose hollow and mournful accents chilled the fire which the import of its words aroused, "have you courage to follow me to my abode, to mark the final end of ambition? have you will to leave the couch of erring beauty, to descend to haunts of oblivion and death?"

"Lead!" exclaimed Montolieu, "I have nerve to follow."

Descending to the chapel, they passed the altar, and reached a massy door, leading to the vaults, it yielded to the touch, and, arrived at the termination of a flight of steps, a narrow vaulted passage appeared. The lamp, soon choaked by the dense vapours that arose from stagnant damps of

humid walls and confined air, but dimly lighted their way; a dim obscurity surrounded its rays, rendering the feeble glimmerings fainter and fainter.

Montolieu, oppressed by the confined atmosphere he breathed,—the painful uncertainty of his thoughts—and the protraction, length of way, and obscurity—gave an elucidation of the mystery, on which the adventures of the night were involved, followed cautiously the gliding form through innumerable windings, seeming to lead under the castle to some remote distance.

Suddenly the figure paused.

“ You approach,” said the voice of sorrow, “ the termination of your suspense; beware, lest when you reach the grave of the buried Mondecár, you shrink not, Montolieu, from the awful account you must yourself render. Behold,” cried he, opening a door of communication with one of the her-

mitages of St. Benedict, "the spot where the dishonoured Patriot seeks oblivion of his wrongs. It is his grave, Montolieu, answer him, why the only monument fate bestowed—the fair fame of his child, has by thee been marked with deeper stains than even blood can wash away."

"I beseech you," cried Clement, who witnessed with amazement the appearance of Montolieu, "calm these emotions. It is by curbing the passions we are fitted for heaven; by restraining the storms of the mind, we prepare it for celestial enjoyment. You have abandoned the world, hence with its alloy."

"Hear me, Clement," exclaimed Mondécar; "I have bent over Estella, beheld fatal confirmation of her dishonour, yet bent in prayer. My seclusion has been broke open by him to whom I owe my worst disgrace; yet the arm of a Spaniard has not

sought revenge; even my enemies would say at heart, this—the passions of Mondecár are dead.”

“Your misfortunes, my Lord,” cried Montolieu, recovering from mingled emotions of astonishment and indignation, “your daughter’s virtues, and the sentiments I bear her father, call on me for calmness in my defence. My heart will bear examination; it shall be opened to you, and call on me for any proof short of my religion, by which I can vindicate Estella’s fame—and I swear to give it.”

“Clement,” said Mondecár, after a pause, during which he surveyed the Englishman with attention, “retrace my steps to the castle, bring with you the unfortunate Estella, let her be condemned or acquitted in the presence of him whom, preferring to religion, fame, or blood, she has followed; acquaint her with my existence, and summon her to answer a father’s demands.

“ I perceive, young man,” cried Mondacar, as Clement retired, “ your vindication will involve my daughter. I do not ask you to spare my feelings ; accustomed to suffering, I can hear unmoved, that without seduction she followed your fortunes, that her haughty spirit has bent without solicitation ; in religion an apostate—in honour a wanton.”

“ Spare your daughter’s fame, I conjure you!” cried Montolieu, “ the hapless Estella. Exposed to sorrow—to the horrors of war—the pitiless sword—or the inclemency of season, has not yet experienced wounds, like those you inflict. Sacred be her father! yet who else would dare to utter this to me? Listen, my Lord ; I shall not use the language of subterfuge, or descend to deceit, unmanly in myself, and deceptive to you.”

Montolieu then proceeded to acquaint the Marquis with every particular respecting the supposed Ferdinand. As he con-

cluded a narration, awaking by turns pity, indignation, parental love and wounded feelings in his unhappy auditor, the rays of morning streamed through the apertures of the rocky cell—"The light of heaven breaks upon us," said Montolieu; "I swear by all held sacred by men, I knew not an angel followed my steps to the battle or the retreat."

"I must believe you," ejaculated the agitated father; but steps approach: instruct me, oh, my heart! how to still the feelings of a parent, to reprove my child as her offence demands, yet not crush her utterly; retire a moment—I would meet Estella alone."

Montolieu approached the door leading from the cell to its garden. At any moment but the present, the grandeur of the scene would have wrapt his senses in oblivion of all but the features of magnificent nature. The sun rising in splendid light unveiled by degrees mountain after mountain, till the

haze of distance neutralized their purple summits with radiant gold. Far below, the Cea, smiling in the beam, dashed over the rugged masses of its bed in quest of distant verdure, tributary to the rains of its season.

On a neighbouring acclivity, the castle of Mondecár formed the boldest feature of prospect; at first appearing to float in a sea of light vapouring mists, then as day brightened, the shadows partly dispersing, gave indistinct forms of its Morisco architecture, till, as the glory advanced, the whole burst from obscurity in bold and magnificent effect.

The snowy barriers of the scene, their summits blushing at the steps of Aurora, rose around parents of tributary streams; the Cea, the Ezla Juesta, and Orbega. Above appeared other cells, rising on the shelves of the mountain; below spread the dark walls of St. Benedict.

The hermitage in which Mondecár retired

from the busy scenes of life, the ingratitude of men, and the uncertainty of power, was scooped out of the granite; its garden, in which a few herbs offered up their incense before a rudely-sculptured image, in front of which a lamp shed its last rays.

Montolieu lingered near the entrance of the cell, as his ear caught the accents of Estella. A crowd of confused thoughts pressed painfully on his mind; he would fain have sheltered her even from the resentment of a parent, but hesitated at adding to her confusion and sorrow, at the disclosure of the imprudent consequence of her passion.

The voice of Mondecar shortly summoned him. On entering the hermitage, he beheld Estella kneeling at her father's feet, attired in the disguise of Ferdinand, but half hid by the waving jet of her long and polished tresses, her clasped hands, the expression of her fine profile, the tears of her brilliant

eyes, gave her the affecting character of a Madona. At the approach of Montolieu she averted her blushing face from his enamoured gaze, but he was recalled from this contemplation by the sternness of Mondacar.

“Approach,” said he; “this unfortunate girl has exonerated you; it only remains to bid her adieu. Let the remembrance of her dishonour be buried in the cloister. Thus shall her unfortunate father forget that whilst he consigned all the honour of his name to this erring child, she sullied it, and even ventured to approach the altar with masses for his repose, in the garb of dishonour, and with a heart filled with inclinations for a stranger, whose sentiments she knew not.”

“Pardon me, my Lord,” interrupted Montolieu, “if I address your daughter. Forgive me, sweet Estella, if I unite our loves as I would our lives; join me, then,

in intreating, that henceforth I may guard you in my bosom, defend you with my life. I love her, Mondecar," cried the youth, his eye glistening with animation, "beyond the worldly term of passion. Still might she wander with me; those eyes formed to inspire the tenderest feelings, rest on the field of blood; that form wrought in nature's finest mould, repose on the soldier's couch, exposed to the dews of heaven—and Estella's virtue be dearer than her beauty. I am, Mondecar, of birth the heir to a title and fortune—my mother a Catholic. Give your daughter to my arms; unite us according to the forms of your faith, and I swear to guard her as a brother, till the rites of mine are performed."

"Estella!" cried the father, in an impressive tone, "hear you the offer of your lover? consent you to hazard the thought, the imprudence of your conduct may risque the alienation of his love? speak, my child,"

added he, softening to tears, "can you trust Montolieu with yourself?"

"What I have thought of him," cried the agitated Estella, "let my conduct evince. I trusted my honour, my life, my reputation; by what the mistress has been capable of enduring, let him judge of the wife."

"By the heaven whose servant you are," cried Montolieu to Clement, "I conjure you to receive our plighted faiths."

"Consent you, my Lord?" enquired the father, hesitatingly.

Mondecar a moment passed, then turning to his daughter, he embracing raised her from the ground:—

"Receive her," cried he, with emotion, "receive from my hands her who was once the pride of my house, the boast of my age; never till she knew you was she capable of offence. I seek not to extenuate her errors, since, to a lover, the constancy of her love,

the misfortunes of her attachment will veil them."

"Remembered, my Estella, be your conduct," cried her enraptured lover, "with the tenderness of grateful recollection, the admiration of succeeding hours, the devotion of my existence."

Amid the gloom of monastic seclusion, the mementos of the uncertainty of happiness, the persuasives to austere vows, were the lovers that day united. Mondecar gave his daughter, and Clement, before the solitary altar, registered their faith with holy lips.

Montolieu, the grave cynic, proved the truth of the axiom, that such men love most ardently. The haughty spirit of Estella, broken by misfortune, her energies softened by love, she, in the attire of a boy, blushed before the shrine, a modest timid woman.

Montolieu read in her looks the surety of

future bliss, and giving himself to the happiness of the hour, forgot inquietude amidst the mountains of Leon, and the silent but hallowed walls of the castle Mondecár.

CHAPTER XVI.

“ The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promised largeness; checks and
disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highly reared;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain,
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.”

THE lovers, amid the endearing tenderness of passion, forgot, till aroused by the return of Julian, that they must shortly depart. Montolieu, as he perceived the aspect of the times, would have prayed Estella to remain amid the seclusion of the mountains; but resolved to follow his fortunes, she heard him not, and even Mondecarr in this approved her determination.

The story of this unfortunate father has since been common among the shifting favourites of Spain; deceived by Ximenes, who sought aggrandizement by his treachery, he had been cast into a convent near Seville, and favoured by the clergy, and the general belief of his death, escaped in disguise to the convent of St. Benedict, with the superior of which he had been acquainted from youth.

The mass offered for his repose by the wandering Estella, had aroused him to the resolution of witnessing himself the assertions of Clement. After his daughter's marriage with Montolieu, he saw her but seldom, and resigned himself utterly to the bosom of the church; at parting with Montolieu, he received his adieus with little emotion, and, charging Estella to guard her faith, turned from her and repaired to his devotions.

As boisterous oceans from tempest sinks

to calm, the human mind has its transitions, Mondecar, the enthusiastic statesman, the haughty noble, and the proud and jealous father, became in a few short months the inhabitant of a cell; insensible to the changing scene of a tumultuous world, and resolved even to bury the affections beneath the sacred habit.

The morning was gloomy, as Montolieu and his Estella, accompanied by Julian, bade farewell to the castle, and, mounted on horseback, proceeded to Leon; where the disastrous news of the retreat of Moore's army had spread universal dismay. Romana had collected a very small army of his fugitives, and joining them, Montolieu, with his disguised Estella, proceeded towards Ponferrada.

The leader of this little band encountered difficulties, under which a spirit less invincible must have sunk. The gallant Romana had scarce collected an army bidding

fair to achieve the brightest laurels of victory, than panic-struck and dismayed, they dispersed—collected again partially, sickness, want, and fatigue thinned their ranks, and at Ponferrada every distress that could assail and dishearten the soldiers, prevailed. The Posados were full of the dead, the sword was raised for food, and as the English army approached, the report of the vicinity of the French gaining ground, but forty horsemen remained with the Romana, who had lately commanded thousands.

General Moore had issued directions previously, for the armies to take different roads; but all subordination was over with the Spanish levies, who dispersing, crowded the road to Astorga, and impeded the English line of march.

Montolieu, dispirited and ashamed of the conduct of the Patriots, had sheltered his Estella at a convent near Astorga, and was proceeding towards the house in which his

General waited to receive the English commander, previous to his march to Vigo, when he suddenly encountered Captain O'Tyger, who with a party of soldiers and women, seemed to be in quest of quarters.

"Let the day be engraven on brass," cried he, shaking Montolieu by the hand, "now, my dear boy, as it was your example, sure, that made me a Patriot, I beg it of you to stay and hear O'Tyger's disasters."

"You had best endeavour to shelter your men," replied Montolieu, "can I assist you?"

"And sure you can; ever since we pursued the enemy the retrograde way, dear, not a house in Spain can find a key to its door."

Perceiving a convent dedicated to St. Francis, Montolieu entering it, obtained leave for the soldiers to occupy a large room, on the floor of which they sunk, ex-

hausted with fatigue; their wives, overcome with hunger and continual marches, clasped their pallid children to their breast, and endeavoured to seek a short oblivion of distress, by reposing on the stone pavement.

“Now do, Montolieu, return,” cried O’Tyger to the benevolent youth, as, well satisfied with having obtained his countrymen shelter, he was leaving the place, “tell me what that whimsical old gentleman wants.”

Montolieu looking back, saw an old monk, wringing his hands, and, in accents of despair, as he traversed the rows of sleeping soldiers extended on the pavement, exclaim :——“ Mulieres !—Mulieres !—Mulieres !”

“There’s a poor gentleman has been robbed of his mules,” cried a soldier, turning.

“ Mulieres !—Mulieres !—Mulieres !” vociferated the monk.

“Peace! what a noise that old jewel in petticoats makes,” cried O’Tyger.

“Mulieres!—Mulieres!” cried the old man.

Montolieu now explained to O’Tyger, that St. Francis admitted no women within the convent, and that it would be necessary for monastic peace the soldiers’ wives should remove.

“So Mulieres means turn out the women, does it? Faith, St. Francis and St. Patrick differ in that small particular. Come,” cried he, arousing the poor creatures from their slumbers, “here’s St. Francis very angry, and has sent his prime minister, that old gentleman with the distracted looks and greasy frock, to request your absence. ’Pon my heart, but I’m sorry; but what can I do but fight him.”

“I believe,” said Montolieu, “I can yet be of service; follow me, if you are able.”

“God bless your honour!” said a wo-

man with an Hibernian accent, " I have only been in one of these charitable houses before, and then we slept in the *confectionary*, where they buried their dead."

" There's an Irish woman, and a sensible one ;—Faith, she understands the tongues."

Montolieu, who had received a recommendatory letter from the superior of St. Benedict, that gave him interest, obtained shelter for the women in the convent with Estella, and invited O'Tyger to partake of the scanty refreshment prepared ; and the meal concluded, was induced to enquire his reasons for quitting Gibraltar.

" Why, Montolieu," said O'Tyger, putting on a countenance soured to the subject, " I had heard of one O'Neil, and that a man might command an army of kindhearted creatures, were he but to join the Spaniards. I was teased too with your example, and resolved to become one. So

went to Lisbon, and after a pretty march into Spain, I believe we are going out of it again."

"It is a capital stroke, however appearances are against it," exclaimed Montolieu, "the retreat of the English army will draw off the French from the shattered armies, and save Spain, by giving it time to rally."

"And sure you are rallying yourself," exclaimed O'Tyger; "why I had heard the Patriots were all bravery and love. Now, my dear boy, as to the first, a volunteer will come for gunpowder and shot, and a suit of clothes, and depart during the night to the mountains; next day comes his brother to do the same, and the army is counted by the stands of arms distributed. As to love, if you ask one of their old sorceresses with bleared eyes and stiff grey hair for a drink of water, she calls on all the saints for aid. And as to provision, when a string of sausages are defended with the knives that ought

to cut them down, a tired man loses his stomach."

"Consider the poverty of the country," pleaded Montolieu; take the little stores from the Spanish families, and you deprive their children of bread. Resistance in this cause is prompted by nature."

"If you talk of nature," cried O'Tyger, "I'll tell you a pretty story of their nature. At Benevento our people came in wet and weary, with a furious disposition to eat. Entering a house that had been left by the owners, I espied some fowls on a roost, and announced the news to three or four companions. A knavish Spaniard at the door, who had watched our motions, came in, and pretending to be the owner, began to bargain for the fowls, and increasing the price as our impatience heightened, obtained from us all our money, on condition he helped to cook them. Down the knave sat, pluck, pluck, and in an hour the pot boiled; when

a sudden alarm sounding, we ran out, and left the Patriot with our dinner—it was only a stung horse galloping the town; and quickly returning, we came in time to see the hard-hearted knave running with our dinner across the meadows at the back of the house. A shot alone could bring him down, and no one chose to be hanged for a dinner. And let me tell you, their beds are no better; a man that goes to his couch in a dark night, finds a corpse with him in the morning.”

Montolieu, tired with these coarse statements of fact, enquired of O’Tyger if any change had happened at Gibraltar during the month of his stay.

“As pretty a duel,” said O’Tyger, joyfully, “as heart could wish. The major of the Swiss corps, Du Rose, was insulted by one of his officers, a finical fellow of the name of Pritzler, and the major’s pretty wife making as much fuss about her old husband as if

he was an Irish shepherd, your old crony Du Marr challenged Pritzler, unknown to the major, and was shot.

“God!” exclaimed Montolieu, “Du Marr dead?”

“Not so good as that, my dear,” cried O’Tyger, “he was in a fair way when I left the Rock; but when he was brought home, the old major insisted on meeting Pritzler himself, and was shot through the heart. It was all the work of a few hours, and the villain passed into Spain, before any one passed St. Michael’s Cave. Now let me tell you, Montolieu, that considering I was an Irishman, and a gentleman of education, my advice and my company might have been sought for on this occasion.”

“Doubtless.—Good God! Madame Du Rose a widow, and Du Marr wounded in the defence of her husband!”

“And what is there so extraordinary in that?” cried O’Tyger, “when we bring the

pretty business we are on to a conclusion, these things will be no rarities."

"Too true," replied Montolieu," but time presses—adieu!"

That evening Romana proceeded towards Vigo, whilst the English traced their weary way to Corunna, by the Sierra Uolla. At Vigo a few British men of war were at anchor, and Montolieu, perceiving the day of Patriot glory at its close, without speedy prospect of a dawn, gave in his resignation, and parted from Romana with mutual expressions of esteem.

Embarked in a frigate commanded by a friend of her husband, the fair Estella soon recovered from the fatigues she had been exposed to during the late hurrying march, and in a few days entered the Streight of Gibraltar. The sun was declining, and the air mild and serene; a gentle rippling breeze wafted them past Tetuan, and the opposite watch-towers of Spain. The evening sun

gleaming on the white walls and towers of Ceuta, had left the surrounding hills in a soft purple haze.

Montolieu, as Gibraltar neared to the swiftly-gliding vessel, pointed out to his Estella's notice the high hung paths where he had guided her steps, and mingled tenderest vows, with the recollections to both.

Montolieu on landing obtained, through the interest of Mrs. Lagade, the Levant Cottage for the residence of Estella. This simple structure, situated at the back of the rock, in a secluded tranquil scene, open to the Mediterranean Sea, consists of three rooms, opening by green lattices, and paved with marble. It belongs to the governor of the fortress, but he never resides there, and it is often granted to the solicitation of a family.

The rains had now fertilized the rocks around, and flowers and plants rose in succession from their interstices. High above,

the Levant Pass led to the most romantic scenes of the rock. Here the fair Estella sought repose, and declining all visits but those of Mrs. Lagade, who occasionally rode to the cottage, endeavoured to recruit the fatigues of the five preceding months. Ease of heart, that sovereign restorative, was her's. Montolieu, the lover for whom she had encountered the perils of war, the disguises of person, and the united sufferings of want, danger, and disease, "hung on her words enamoured," and lured her to health and peace with intreaties too earnest for love to resist.

Montolieu, amid the charms of his present life, did not omit the duties of friendship. He hastened to the abode of Du Marr, whom he found nearly recovered, and satisfied he had encountered the enemy of Josephine's husband; the ease with which he was wont to converse of her was, how-

ever fled, and conscious of his embarrassment, he avoided the subject.

Josephine resided with Mrs. Lagade, but did not make her appearance at any parties, nor had Du Marr seen her since the decease of her husband. Accompanied by Valmont, the Swiss frequently visited the Levant Cottage, and witnessed with delight the happiness of the amiable Montolieu:—no longer the satirist of human nature, the cynic to human pleasure, all his amiable qualities expanded to Estella's smile—all his virtuous feelings, secure of meeting their counterpart in her's, no longer disguised themselves under the mask of irony, but found good in all things.

As spring approached, Mrs. Lagade, lamenting the delicate health of Madame Du Rose, Estella warmly pressed her residence at the cottage. This, after exacting a promise she should not be required to meet

visitors, Josephine complied with, and a friendship was formed with the fair Spaniard of the closet intimacy. Estella's story, so full of romantic adventure and ardent feeling, interested Madame Du Rose greatly, who, no longer gay, gave the tears of love to the recital of her, who now basked in its smile.

Montolieu, who had hoped his friend might yet succeed with the mistress of his youth, impatiently wished their meeting. Madame Du Rose, however, retired at the approach of visitors, and Du Marr, understanding she resided at the cottage, contented himself with a hasty enquiry after its inhabitants as he passed on his walk, and ventured not even to raise his eyes to the lattice.

Montolieu, who conjectured the revival of passion had banished the former ease of their intercourse, wearied himself in plans

to bring the lovers to an interview—accident at length effected it.

One day, on Du Marr making his usual enquiry, a boy answered, Madame Du Rose had walked out, but his lady was then in the cottage. Du Marr, who had not seen Estella for some time, entered, and was engaged in conversation, when Madame Du Rose returned. The confusion of both was extreme, and Josephine would have retired, but Du Marr respectfully detaining her, presented a chair. His altered looks, the arm he wore in a sling, recalled to Madame Du Rose his defence of her husband, and penetrated with feeling, she enquired after his health in a tone of tenderness and interest.

Estella, who knew her friend's story, felt her brilliant eyes dimmed with tears. Montolieu, approaching the window to which she had retired, whispered his hope that,

ere long, their friends might taste their happiness.

“I consider not myself, Madam,” replied Du Marr, to the enquiries of Madame Du Rose, “but I own I have anxiously wished to behold you—to witness that sorrow had not impaired your health; that you were at least calm and resigned to your fate; but you are changed,” said he, in a voice of grief: “ah! how different when first I saw you—when but lately I witnessed your gaiety—your cheek is faded, and your form more fragile. Preserve yourself, Josephine, for the years of happiness which heaven, in justice to your virtues, will bestow.”

Madame Du Rose grew pale and red alternately. Since the period when Du Marr and herself had traversed together the peaceful scenes of Switzerland, her name had not been thus tenderly pronounced. The bliss

ful hours of her first passion thus affectingly recalled, tears of emotion sprung to her eyes, and a tide of tender emotion filled her bosom. She would have fled, but the feet that had traced happier scenes with Du Marr, refused their aid—she would have spoken the accents of indifference, but the lips that even in rosy childhood had parted to reveal tenderness, hesitated to wound the lover they had once blest.

Confused and alarmed, Madame Du Rose sunk on her seat, and covered her face with her arms; when she ventured to raise it, Montolieu and Estella had fled, and Du Marr at her feet pleaded a passion that had not in thought offended during her engaged state.

“We are changed, Du Marr,” said she, in accents of trembling emotion; “years have fled over us, and since a love so pure and tender met not the sanction of heaven

in youth, it would seem we were not destined to unite. You have been too long disengaged, my friend; marry, Du Marr, kindred worth with its sweetest union, beauty, youth, and love."

"All are indeliably impressed with your image, Josephine. If memory recalls to your heart the ardour of my youth, you will believe my love more passionate, more fervent, than ever beat in the breast of man.—During years when fate destined you to another, witness for me, Josephine; my eye sparkled not when the object of my idolatry approached—my voice calmed its tremulous tones of passion—my hand sought not your's—my thoughts even avoided your fascinations—in fine, your virtue was my glory. Let me plead this proof—that your loveliness bore a secondary part in my affections. Say not we are changed; Du Marr boasts yet a passion, as ardent, yet pure, as when his arm

first enfolded your virgin form. You, Josephine, may be changed, but suspense must terminate; either Du Marr receives from you happiness, or his life becomes a blank, over which no moment of pleasure can ever steal, on which no hour of bliss can rise."

"Forbid it, heaven!" cried Josephine, "bright may every sun arise, and peaceful be its every close to you, faithfulest of lovers. Retire, Du Marr; allow me to collect my scattered thoughts; fear not to leave me, my heart is your advocate."

Du Marr did not long traverse the herb-enameled paths round the abode of Josephine, ere her servant delivered him a billet:—

"I AM your's, Du Marr: the constancy and honour of your passion would have subdued one more capable of rewarding it than myself. Since then you

“estimate your merits at so poor a price as
“Josephine’s love; she returns you the heart
“which duty and virtue awhile removed
“from your’s.”

Valmont, who tenderly loved the parties, felt in the prospect of their union happier hours than he believed would visit his bereaved state; whilst Montolieu and his Estella continually formed parties for the lovers; and their attachment becoming known, Josephine once again graced society.

Her marriage was solemnized at the Levant Cottage, in the May following the arrival of Estella to the garrison. The dawn of the nuptial day arose in all the reviving coolness and solar beauty of a Mediterranean morning. The African hills, enveloped in a soft purple haze, contrasted the distant Sierra Nevada, whose snowy summits received the tints of day.

A gentle ripple spread over the glistening ocean, raised by the gentle breeze, wafting from the opposite shores the scent of herbs and aromatic plants, and mingling with the dewy exhalations of the rock.

The cottage, elevated in half ascent, commanded over the steep perpendicular cliffs below, the wide Mediterranean, the Granadian hills, and the more sterile mountains of exiled Africa, spread in picturesque variety, whilst above, the side of Calpe on which spontaneous vegetation appears, rose in heights of bold and striking character.

A breakfast in the French style was spread in the cool saloon of the cottage, to a few friends of the lovers, who witnessed with joy the vows exchanged that would never be broken. That day was sacred to the heart, and none approached with whom feeling was folly.

The scene around, tranquil and remote from martial tumult, diffused a melancholy tenderness over the senses. Love seemed to receive his hymeneal wreath, in regret for the moments he had lost, and raising the full cup to his enamoured lip, mourned the shortness of life.

Banishing the glare of festive tapers, the soft light of the moon, streaming through the opened lattices on the marble pavement, and trembling on the distant waters, witnessed the graceful Estella sing, in rich and liquid tones, the plaintive seguidillas of her country. Montolieu felt how much dearer was the wife than the mistress, and bade his muse offer its tribute at the shrine of her he loved.

Madame Du Rose touched her harp to the chord of her lover's heart; she now dared to remember the simple strain which, as an artless villager she had carolled amid her

native hills. Thus passed their hours—
boisterous mirth brought no offering—care-
less wit no smile.

CHAPTER XVII.

“ ——— Though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better—yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself.”

THE death of Lord Hanille occasioned a temporary cessation of the gaieties that succeeded Du Marr's marriage. Montolieu's mother, as she wrote her son he had succeeded to his father's honours, respected the memory of the man she had once loved, and tenderly brought his qualities from their shade, to the respect of his child.

Lord Hanille had died in her arms—those arms from which he had banished himself for years. Awful change! the wan-

THE RAILROAD

On 1st and 2nd of May 1862
the first train of the
road was run from
St. Louis to
St. Charles and
back. The train
consisted of a
passenger car,
a freight car,
and a coal car.
The passenger
car was loaded
with passengers
and the freight
car was loaded
with freight.
The coal car
was loaded with
coal. The train
was run by
the St. Louis
and St. Charles
Railroad.

Rosolia of Palermo.

AMATORY TALES.

ROSOLIA OF PALERMO.

CHAPTER I.

“ The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into the study of imagination ;
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Than when she liv'd indeed.”

IT was on the eve of the Sicilian feast of St. Rosolia, that the young Lorenzo di Rossi arrived in Palermo from Italy, at the magnificent residence of his maternal uncle, the Duke Verdura. The child of unfortunate love, he brought no claim to the abode of pride and power, save those recollections

that might be supposed to linger round Julian's heart, of a buried sister's graces. With her last breath Leonora had consigned her child to his care, and Lorenzo awaited the interview with the warm feelings of consanguinity, mingling with the more repellant idea of presenting himself, divested of every gift of fortune, to one on whom her most lavish gifts had been showered.

The late Duke had, by his own conduct, occasioned the unequal alliances contracted by both his children. At an age when they claimed a father's introduction to the circles which their birth entitled them to move in, when Leonora's beauty and talents called forcibly on parental pride and affection to guide them to suitable alliance ; and Julian of tender years and less principle than his accomplished sister, needed the authority of a parent to check his prurient vices. The Duke residing at Palermo, confined his children to his villa at Bagaria, where,

whilst they invaded not the dissipations of his palazzo, or appeared at banquets rivaling even the luxury of Lucretius, they were allowed the freedom of themselves, and the appendages of their rank.

Thus Julian, unchecked, traced the paths of libertinism from his cradle, and the beautiful Leonora, left amid the enchantments of a Sicilian abode to the seductions of the Italian pencil and page, though Diana clasped her zone, suffered the Pleasures to adorn it.

Di Rossi, introduced by Julian as his defender from assassination, beheld her with admiration. His eye, accustomed to the fairest forms of Italian beauty, acknowledged her superiority—his ear dwelt on her tones of music enraptured—his hand followed the sketches of her pencil; encouraged by Julian, who, confined to his couch by a slight wound received in the rencontre by which they had met, found the accomplishments

of the Italian necessary to his amusement.

Di Rossi bent his steps every evening by paths where myrtle and^d laurel strewed odours at his tread, or formed above the garland of pure love, to the abode of the enchantress, where his hours alternately passed amid the foliaged bowers with which aromatic showers of orange and citron blossoms, bidding the lute cease its tasteful chords, but to list to the nightingale as it warbled from a distant grove of chesnuts—or seated at the banquet of elegance, the perfumed breezes of night gently agitating the silken hangings, he viewed the lofty lamps cast rays of softened light on the goddess of the scene.

The hours winged by the muses quickly fled, and as the sun rose, tinging the scene with new and brilliant colours, the soft vision of the night faded at its approach, and Di Rossi departed.

Julian, who should have guarded his sister's fame, gave no check to these meetings. The stranger had announced himself the son of an Italian nobleman; his manners were those of rank, his accomplishments such as cannot be perfected without expence. Julian felt not gratitude to the one who had rescued him from the consequence of vice; the wit of his discourse, and the elegance of his talents, were of more avail than his bravery with the unprincipled youth, who gladly gave him opportunities of urging his suit with Leonora, intent himself on the seduction of her attendant and confident, Constantia.

Di Rossi had no suit to urge. The rank of Leonora, her pride, even the delicacy with which she blended the myrtles scattered on their hours of festivity, gave no hope. His admiration could not be mistaken, but it was the more gratifying to

beauty, as no selfish idea mingled with the feeling.

Leonora beheld it with favour; but it was not till Di Rossi retired, that seeking the shades of her abode, she reclined her languid form on Constantia, and suffered her eyes to beam the fires of love—her lips to own its power. The timid villager, raised by her mistress's regard to the situation of her companion, with a heart fluttering at the impassioned glances of the Marquis, sought in the attachment of Leonora an excuse for her own aspiring love.

Julian in the hours of illness had witnessed her anxiety, and as his feverish lip turned from wine to cooling fruit, so his heart, late the abode of unhallowed fires, sought the simple graces and chaster mien of the vestal maid. Marriage was the price of Constantia's love, and Julian, who considered it a tie broken at will, hesitated not offering it.

The feast of the season approached, and habited as villagers, the noble youth and his rustic bride exchanged their vows before the altar of a hermitage, and blessed by its holy inhabitant, spent the day of their union amid the rich scenes spread at the base of Monreale.

Leonara, to prevent suspicion in her domestics, witnessed not their marriage, and passed the greater part of a sultry day in solitude. Di Rossi had been absent for some evenings—Julian and Constantia, occupied with each other, seemed not to notice the circumstance, however unusual, but Leonora felt alarm and inquietude. Stretched on her couch, her eyes refused the rich prospect of nature an opening portico afforded, and closing them, she indulged in reveries of sorrow and love, that rendered her unconscious of the approach of him on whom she meditated.

The step of Di Rossi was that of one who hesitates at every object recalling past pleasure, and pauses to gaze ere they shortly remove from him for ever. The child of illegitimacy, he had no connections to bid receive Leonora; with only a dishonoured mother's portion, the gifts of fortune were not his to bestow, where he would have gladly laid empires. What remained, but to quit the scene of enchantment—to bid adieu to the goddess of his idolatry, and sever the hearts love had joined.

With slow and sorrowful pace he reached the apartment where Leonora reposed. It was of an oval form, elevated to a dome exquisitely painted; hangings of pale blue silk half-veiled the casements, in the intervals of whose opening crystal vases of finished workmanship, containing flowers of every hue, stood on pedestals of unsullied marble. The iris, the rich hyacinthus of the ancients,

the odorous jessamine, and fragrant rose, bent over the raised figures of their urns to scatter tribute at the feet of beauty.

Opposite a small portico stood a canopied couch, on which Leonora lay. One of her polished arms twined round her head, from which her veil had fallen; a volume of Tasso lay on its transparent folds. Di Rossi hesitated to lift it, and uncertain whether the balsamic scent of the sunny cytisus, now powerfully odoriferous as the breeze of evening sported with odours through the pillars of the portico, had overpowered her senses, or lulled by the late heats, she had sunk to repose, stood intently gazing on her.

“Why not thus bid adieu?” cried he, “why not whilst Leonora sleeps, unconscious of my presumption, utter my adieus unreprieved, offering parting homage, undismayed by her glance. Farewell, Leonora,”

he would have said—but the motion of her lips deterred him.

“Di Rossi!” exclaimed she, half-rising from her recumbent attitude. He bowed respectfully, and withdrew towards the portico.

In a few minutes Leonora followed. Di Rossi wanted words to declare why he had absented himself—why he now came, and his fair mistress lost recollection of the first in the joy of his return.

“My brother’s absence, and Constantia’s visit to her relatives, leaves you the task of entertaining me. You cannot complain, when I place the works of the immortal Tasso in your hand,” said Leonora, crimsoning as she presented the volume.

Di Rossi, throwing himself at her feet, at she gracefully reclined on a marble step of the portico, opened the book with a confusion he vainly strove to hide, he perceived

she had marked with myrtle the sonnet where Tasso supposed to allude to his passion for Leonora of Esté, describes his aspiring flame——

“ Se d’ Icara leggesti, e di Fetonte

Ben sai come lu’n cadde in questo fiume,” &c.

“ Are you of opinion, Di Rossi,” enquired the attentive fair, as he concluded, “ the poet chose, of three Leonoras to whom fame has made him sacrifice, her inferior to himself—the second whom fortune brought to the level of his fortunes—or her whom the blinded lover imagined beyond his attainment?”

“ Madam,” cried Di Rossi, “ Tasso loved ardently. I can, therefore, have no hesitation in declaring for the latter ; behold, fair lady, the flower that rises at your feet—compare it to infant passion; the earth from which it rises gives it partial growth, the foliage on its level aids it by support, but

it is to the brilliant sun above it owes expansion, colour, and fragrance. True, when it has attained perfection of beauty, when it had opened every fibre of its bosom to the power—the same radiance, with unrelenting gaze, may wither it to decay. Thus it is with love; but though I fear such temerity, ever remote from happiness, I must believe Tasso thus loved.”

Leonora turned aside to hide the tear that trembled in the brilliancy of her eye—it dropt on the page, an offering to the poet and the lover.

From that hour Di Rossi met the glance of Leonora with triumph; and when the frowns of Julian, and the dread of the Duke’s anger assailed their lives, they fled to Italy, leaving Constantia at Bagaria, already a neglected bride. Leonora forbore to acquaint her with their intended flight, lest her unkind brother might find occasion of reproach.

In the gloomy environs of Rome, tomb of departed greatness, amid the deprivations of fortune, and the neglect of the multitude, Leonora yet doated on her fate, for she truly loved. Her obdurate father, though he had long restored Julian to his favour, refused a reconciliation with his hapless daughter, when her son saw the light, and even in the hour when the funeral cypress succeeded the roses of her love, and Leonora wept on Di Rossi's bier.

From a brother with whom her youth had passed, one who, without her excuse to plead, feelings warm as her fairy land of birth, sensibility ardent as its poetic page, had equally offended, Leonora might hope support and sympathy; but Julian gave to a domestic the task of informing her, that the Marchioness had died in giving birth to a daughter, and that the widower enjoyed the favour of the Duke on the sole condi-

tion of holding no correspondence with his discarded sister.

“Be it so,” cried Leonora, the letter dropping from her unsteady grasp—“Enjoy, cruel brother, the gifts of fortune, even at the price of inhumanity; no murmur, no request of mine shall henceforth invade your luxurious hours. Sweet Constantia,” cried she, melting into tears, “if ever spirit met beatitude, it was thine, pure, gentle, good, and chaste. Better, far better, the fate allotted thee, than to linger amid scenes of vice—to encounter hearts so unrelenting.”

Seated near a glimmering lamp, in her obscure abode, the changed Leonora counselled with her guardian spirit, the seductive passions, those harbingers of vice, who in other hours had raised their persuasive voices in music, in numbers, or the lyre, and insiduously perched on the bowl of banquet and the couch of repose, fled from her

midnight prayer and widowed veil. The meditations of the night were salutary; Leonora devoted her heart to the tomb of Di Rossi, and her accomplishments to the maintenance of his child.

During eight years she lived unmolested, since, though her mien excited curiosity, a sternness mingling with her beauty, awed the vulgar—and superior minds respecting the dignified sorrow of her appearance, passed on, repressing the admiration they felt.

The painter at times lingered to sketch her form, as leading her blooming boy amid the scattered ruins of temples and tombs, she leaned in meditating sorrow over the broken columns of ancient magnificence. Thus, whilst Leonora and Lorenzo were banished from abodes of splendor, their portraits, as the sorrowing Agrippina and her infant son, mourning over the ashes of Ger-

manicus, gained admittance to the palazzo of Cardinal Angeluzzo.

“Never did fancy colour a finer form,” said the prelate, as the artist of his patronage, Alessandro, presented his work. “Yet, methinks,” added Angeluzzo, as he recurred with increasing delight to the canvass, “the form is not in character; you have given, Alessandro, the veil of a Magdalen to the pleasure-breathing Venus.

“Pardon me, my Lord,” replied the youthful artist, withdrawing the archness of his glance behind the prelate’s robe, “if I venture to differ with your excellency, whose judgment is undoubted, the figures of Agrippina and her child were sketched from life.”

Angeluzzo paused an instant, as incredulous; then turning with an expressive look, exclaimed, “when you point out the original, the canvass shall be covered with gold.”

“Behold, my Lord!” cried Alessandro, some months after, as in attendance on the Cardinal, he was leaving the church of M——.

Angeluzzo, starting at the intimation, turned his eyes towards the direction of Alessandro, and paused in earnest survey of the mother and her son.

Leonora knelt in the attitude of devotion, her fine countenance partially bent over the blooming boy, for whom alone she wished to linger on earth, his little hands, clasped in the animated ivory of her's, were raised in supplication; over the graceful contour of her form, the drapery of her humble garb fell in large and waving folds, mingling with the matron veil she wore; her features expressive of dignity and understanding, and the majesty of her commanding figure, combined the finest model of sculpture with the colouring and grace of animated beauty, rivetted the attention of Angeluzzo.

In a few minutes Leonora rose, and met his enquiring gaze; modestly bowing her head, she ejaculated—"Benedizione, Sante Padre," and gliding through the colonnade, disappeared.

Night had wrapped every object in additional gloom, as, pacing the grass-grown streets to her humble abode, Leonora passed on hastily, leading her child; arrived at the door, she perceived, by the faint glimmering of a holy taper, burning before an adjoining shrine, that a stranger followed. It was Alessandro, who respectfully accosting her, delivered a message from the Cardinal, requiring her to attend at the Angeluzzo palace on the following day.

The pride of birth and conscious virtue tinged the features of the recluse, as she replied—"Tell his Excellency I yield that obedience to his holy profession which I would refuse to his rank."

On the morrow, Leonora and her child

traversed the splendid apartments of the Cardinal's abode, and as they approached through the vista, Angeluzzo marked in the calm indifference of the mother to surrounding objects, and the eager joy of Lorenzo, that fortune had once surrounded the one with magnificence, faded since the birth of the other.

The prelate, in the winter of life, had yet preserved the graces of a fine person, and the sensibilities of his youth. Love induced him to solicit an interview with Leonora; before she withdrew he was compelled to offer his esteem. No persuasions could induce her to disclose her rank, and the intentions of the Cardinal seemed to awaken so little suspicion, that ashamed of them himself, Angeluzzo spoke only the accents of friendship.

"It is true, my Lord," said Leonora, in answer to his enquiry concerning her means of support, "I bestow on my Lorenzo the

produce of my talents ; a little sum his father left is hoarded for him with a miser's care. One wish, indeed, disturbs my resignation to the will of heaven ; I trust I am not proud," said she, tears starting to her eyes, " but I would give Lorenzo, though born in poverty, and doomed to all its deprivations, the education of a noble."

Angeluzzo educated Lorenzo—sought no longer the virtuous Leonora, and, till her son attained the age of fifteen, bestowed a care on the youth, that only ceased with his life. The sudden exit of the Prelate left Lorenzo unprovided for, and returning to the abode of his mother, he awoke new cares in her maternal breast.

Whilst Leonora beheld her son in infancy, her anxieties were remote ; chance had given Lorenzo a friend, and the most finished education of the Roman schools. It was now that, blooming in manly beauty, accomplished in the sciences, and polished

by the arts, she regretted Sicily, and the palace of her father.

Julian was now Duke of Verdura. The health of Leonora was fast decaying; every visit to the tomb of Di Rossi confirming her in the belief that the hours were hastening on their second union, the mother of Lorenzo wrote for her child that petition to Verdura, which the wife of Di Rossi and the sister of Julian would have hesitated to pen.

When an answer arrived, Leonora pressed the couch of death. Supported by her sorrowing child, she opened the letter, but a film overspread her eyes, and its contents were obscure.

“Read, Lorenzo,” said the agitated mother, “does my brother receive you to his arms?”

“He does,” cried Lorenzo, as he hastily perused the few cold lines offering him protection.

“Affectionately receive you, my son? tell me, may I bless my long alienated brother?”

“Bless him, my mother,” replied Lorenzo, as he pressed her dying hands to his heart.

A faint smile played round the wan features of Leonora—it was the last flash of living light.

When the sorrowing son had deposited the remains of his mother with those of him she loved unto death, he embarked for Sicily. It would have gratified the feelings of the mourner, had he witnessed any solemn mark of respect to the memory of his mother on his arrival at the abode of the brother, on whose name her last breath had fled; but all around was gaiety—the blaze of tapers illuminated every apartment, save the distant one where he seemed consigned to neglect; and, left alone for hours, he meditated on a reception so cold and un-

feeling, till he was almost tempted to quit the abode he so lately sought. The remembrance of his mother checked his resentment, and he endeavoured to believe the domestics of the Duke had neglected to announce his arrival.

CHAPTER II.

“ Know you not, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies ?”

LORENZO, when at length he was summoned from the solitude of his apartment to the crowd of a *conversazione*, felt the emotion arising from the marked resemblance Julian bore his buried sister checked by the presence of witnesses and the pageantry of pomp. The Duke, as his attendants loudly announced the Chevalier Di Rossi, turned from the table where he had won a brilliant stake, to receive him. The moment was auspicious, and the son of Leonora met a courtier's welcome.

His elegance of person, saddened expression of countenance, and sable habit, were momentarily surveyed by his uncle, then beckoning a young man who hovered near with a dependant's smile, he consigned Lorenzo to his attentions for the evening, and seeming satisfied with the reception he had given, renewed his addresses to fortune, amid a group of adventurers; but few of his country remained in the apartment—amongst Sicilian vices the selfish and hardened one of gaming bears no part.

Venoni's address, graceful and insinuating, awoke Lorenzo from unpleasant reflection, and with grateful attention to his observations on the surrounding *chef d'œuvres* of painting and sculpture, he accompanied him through magnificent rooms, filled with gay and splendid groupes.

In the Palazzo Verdura every adornment of tasteful imagination and lavish expence were profusely blended. Quitting the Duke,

Venoni and his companion entered a saloon, opening a scene of magic to their advancing steps. Across a light colonnade of dove-coloured marble of Caiazzo, a silk curtain half drawn, shaded its entrance with the effect of veiled beauty. The riches of Sicilian quarries formed a polished and extensive pavement, in whose centre a spotless vase of superb workmanship laved its acanthus wreath in the dashing waters of a fountain. The walls, beautifully painted in fresco, rose to lofty domes, from whence innumerable lamps of filagree'd silver were suspended. In the intervals between, high casements, admitting the scent from groves of myrtle, cytissus, and orange, small altars of antique form smoaked with aromatic gums; here beauty reclined on couches of purple, or taste, glided in admiration of contending arts.

From the saloon, Venoni introduced Lorenzo to a lesser apartment, opening to the

gardens by a portico of red marble, over whose imaginary ruin hung fantastic wreaths of foliage. Here the younger part of the company assembled, and a band of amateurs gave effect to the finest compositions of harmony. At intervals their instruments ceased, and voices, in the *affettuoso* style, warbled exquisite melody. Lorenzo paused enraptured, and convinced Venoni, by his scientific remarks, of his harmonic judgment.

“ I acknowledge the enchanting powers of music,” replied the Italian, “ but were I a sceptic to the magic of sound I need only observe its effect on yon fair one to retract my error.”

Lorenzo, turning as he spoke, surveyed a groupe forcibly arresting attention. On a canopied couch reclined a woman considerably beyond the meridian of life, but retaining a *fierte* and haughty character of beauty. Fine Roman features, eyes of sparkling

black, a skin of rich carnation, and dark tresses shading her forehead, formed an *ensemble* strictly handsome, but destitute of that soul of beauty—attractive and mild expression.

“It is the Countess Olivia Leone,” whispered Lorenzo’s companion, anticipating his enquiry, “many years an inmate of the Verdura palace; her influence increases with her years.”

The expression of Venoni’s countenance could not be mistaken, and Lorenzo would have again considered an object of such acknowledged power over his relative, had not a beauty of superior attraction drawn his admiration.

Seated on a low cushion at the feet of the Countess’s elevated couch, as in humble vassalage, reclined a fair girl, seemingly

“Of fifteen summers,”

her form delicately fragile, yet of rounded

and fine proportion, was simply veiled by a spotless robe, just shading the contour of her graceful figure. The sweet expression of her countenance was that of unsullied purity; a painter would have chosen her face and form for that of Innocence, a pastoral poet compared her tender youth and modest hue to the slender almond, tinted with its first blush. Light brown tresses braided round her head after the bust of a Muse, gave a simple coiffure in style with her beauty.

Lorenzo enquired eagerly her name, and learnt with emotion he beheld the child of Constantia—that friend, on whose remembrance his mother would dilate, and whose story, from the hour when charmed with her cottage beauty, she gave her patronage, till that when becoming the bride of Julian, she lost her bosom's peace—Leonora would during their solitary hours, relate to her son.

“You behold the Lady Rosolia,” said

Venoni, "her mother expired at her birth, and since she has been the care of the Countess she is the only child of the Duke, and reported to be less gifted in mental than personal perfections; this must, however, be conjecture, raised probably on the Countess's opinion, for the fair Rosolia seldom mixes with society, unless on festivals, and is then as you behold her, seemingly abstracted; music has alone the power to call forth her animation. Does it not appear incompatible with the divine expression of her intelligent countenance, that a defective understanding should be thus embodied?"

"Impossible!" cried Lorenzo, "Surely the Duke, by listening to the Countess, does not disregard a daughter so sweet, so fair."

"Hush!" exclaimed Venoni, "Rosolia is destined for the veil; henceforth let this render her less sweet, less fair, enthusiastic chevalier. Come," cried he, observing the

colour rising to Lorenzo's cheek ; " make my apology to Lady Olivia ; I am her *Cavaliero Servente*, and have lingered in the commission she charged me with to the duke."

Advancing with a manner most obsequious, Venoni presented Lorenzo to the countess ; who, starting at his name, surveyed him in a manner so bold and scrutinizing, his eye sunk beneath her glance. She seemed to read the aversion her manner inspired ; for instantly assuming more softness, she devoted herself, during the remainder of the night, to his amusement ; and, leading the discourse to Rome, conversed of its paintings and sculptural gems with the air of a *Dilletanti*. Lorenzo soon saw through the tissue vanity had wrought ; and, as he listened to an affected rapture, breaking through the modes of delicacy, in the ardour of descrip-

tion, he saw with pleasure Rosolia had glided away from the sphere of their conversation. Olivia was pleased with Lorenzo's discourse; and anxious to glean from his information new matter for her scientific discussions, turned to the duke as he entered, with a warm panegyric on the chevalier.

Verdura, who had felt ashamed at the idea of requesting his nephew to pay divine honours to the idol he had raised, was relieved by finding the terms they were on; and as the entertainment drew to a close, accompanied Lorenzo to the door of his apartment.

"I leave you, Di Rossi," cried the Duke, waving his hand, with an air of condescension; "at an early hour to-morrow, attend me, and I will inform you of my intentions respecting you in future."

The remembrance of Leonora interrupted the repose of her son. He was

now in the palace of her fathers, and with sighs contrasted it with the obscure abode in which her broken spirit fled. All around denoted unbounded riches; yet of this princely income, affection had given no part, to preserve her beauty from disgrace, her name from dishonour!--“Both, blessed spirit!” ejaculated he, “were saved! and I derive more honour from my consanguinity with her, who rose above her fate amid the desolated palaces of Rome, than those who, in Sicily, reared the structures of pomp.

“The females of Verdura seem destined to misfortune; else why reclined the innocent Rosolia at a wanton’s feet; and exposed to the derision of her father’s dependents, glided through scenes of splendor with the semblance of a melancholy shade?”

The “incense breathing morn,” broke

on visions of her beauty; and Lorenzo, summoned by the duke's order, attended his dejeuner. At his nephew's entrance, Verdura waved his domestics from the apartment, and immediately entered on the subject of their interview.

"It is necessary, Di Rossi," observed the duke; "that I should understand how far you have had the confidence of your mother.--It should seem she has informed you of the rank you stand to me in blood?"

Lorenzo bowed.

"That is ill judged," continued the duke; "a marriage of the nature of her's; contracted without witnesses, without document, and buried in obscurity, gives no claim to its offspring, the world will allow."

The youth crimsoned; a confused idea presented itself of his rights, and

the absence of all legal proof, by which he could alone assert them.

“ Leonora, no doubt,” said Verdura, “ gave you reason to believe you might, in failure of male issue, inherit my possessions ?”

“ No; my lord,” cried Lorenzo; “ her total silence on this subject you may be assured of; and, however strange it may appear, I declare your words have awoke the first thought my bosom ever admitted of such an event.”

The duke smiled, as incredulous.

“ Permit me,” cried Lorenzo; “ to vindicate my mother from your suspicions;---as to what I assert of myself, my conduct can best confirm it.---Buried in obscurity, my lord, my unhappy mother gave no loose to ambitious thoughts: in one respect alone, her mind elevated itself above her fortunes; she rose above

the prejudices of rank, to earn the bread of virtuous poverty."

"Your education has, however, been splendid, observed the duke; for this I understand you were indebted to Cardinal Angeluzzo; but did he die in ignorance of whom he thus patronised?"

"He did, my lord; nor, till my mother judged me of an age to use the like discretion, was it revealed to myself. Her last commands were to forget the years of misery she had undergone, and the apathy of those who might have softened them; and on her blessing, to bring you, my lord, (should you shelter my orphan state) a heart obedient to every dictate of honour and affection to him, on whose name her last blessing hovered."

Verdura felt and turned away:---recovering himself, he reassumed the seat he had quitted, and the discourse.

“Hear me attentively, Di Rossi,” said he; “your youth promises well; and I have pledged myself to protect it. To the same discretion that has rendered Leonora’s story a secret in your bosom, I reveal particulars in mine, it is impossible you should have known. When, in the folly of youth, I raised an obscure girl to the honours of Verdura, I had ardently hoped a son would spring from the union; but it is the fate of our house, that females spring up like weeds, to mingle their follies or their vices with the growth of nobler plants. Leonora had understanding, however perverted;---nay, young man, you must accustom yourself to hear me, unmoved by those strong emotions. I would speak of my daughter;---Rosolia, with beauty, is destitute of spirit, energy, or fire; the years she has been consigned to the care of the most ac-

complished of women, has effected little change:---the humble peasant alone, marks a manner, in which the dignity of birth, and the elevation of authority should predominate. Now, to the point, Lorenzo; I have long loved Olivia, and my son by her must succeed. Away, therefore, with all vain hopes on that subject. Sebastian is now a boy; nor is my marriage with his mother public enough; time will remain for such disclosures when Rosolia retires to the abode for which she is best suited:---At present, my son remains with her at Bagaria."

The duke paused, in expectation of Lorenzo's reply. The youth, hurt at the mention of Leonora, and astonished at the general tenor of his discourse, only bowed, and awaited in respectful attention what more he might add.

"You perceive, Di Rossi," said the

duke, "that for the present, it will be best you should seem to the multitude other than you are. Received as my nephew, it would be necessary, to bring forward Sebastian to mark the heir: known as the child of a friend committed to my care, you neither give rise to false surmises, or hazard less respect. Leonora's fate is so little known in Palermo, that the name of Di Rossi can awaken no suspicion.---Do you consent to this, Lorenzo?"

"My lord," cried the youth, "at my mother's request, I came to obey your will; all, therefore, that wounds my feeling in this your request; I lay on her humble monument. It may be, however, necessary, my lord," said Lorenzo, (his cheek flushed as he spoke,) "to apprise you I come no beggar to your roof;---the small sum my father left his widow, has been carefully preserved, and trifling as

it is, will be sufficient, with the exercise of the arts, in which I have been instructed, to support me."

"Not so, Lorenzo," cried the duke; "it is my pleasure you remain under my roof. Your allowance shall be liberal; and if you exercise the accomplishments you mention, let it be for the adornment of my abode. The countess is prepossessed in your favour; I need not recommend to you to improve this. Venoni is usually here, and, with talent, has infinite good-nature; he will be your Ciceroni in Palermo."

"Orio," cried the duke; "are my equipages prepared?"

"They are, my lord," replied a page from the anti-room.

"Henceforth, you attend the chevalier," said Verdura; "shew him the apartment appropriated to his use, and accompany his carriage to the festival."

With the eager wish of recommending himself to Lorenzo, the page pointed out every convenience and elegance of the room to which he conducted him. It was small, surrounded by shelves filled with French and Italian authors; the floor, inlaid with various compartments of wood, admitting high polish, opened by doors of painted glass to a stone terrace, on which rows of flower vases were placed; steps descending, led to a rich avenue of orange trees, at the extremity of which a small cascade rushed through the ruin of a broken arch.

“My lord will present a bouquet to the Lady Rosolia on this day, assuredly,” said Orio; “have I orders to gather it?”

Lorenzo chose it himself; and culling every flower of sweet and delicate form, and rejecting those of gaudier tint, he pleased himself with having selected em-

blems of Rosolia. Venoni awaited him in the court, and mounting spirited horses, gaily decorated, they attended the equipage of the duke to Porta Felice, where it awaited the triumphal entrance of the tutelary saint. Lorenzo had here an opportunity of presenting the bouquet; and his manner was so respectful, it seemed to arrest the attention of Rosolia, who, though she avoided conversation, received it with a smile of grateful meaning. Her silence was amply supplied by the countess, who dividing her ancient coquetry between Venoni and Di Rossi, gave loose to a gaiety that seemed to pervade every class through Palermo. The balconies on every side filled with gay groupes, in gala dresses, showered essences and flowers in the paths where triumphal arches admitted the car on which a gigantic silver statue of St. Rosolia was

elevated. The softest strains of music proclaimed her praise, as drawn with regal pomp, she passed on to the centre of the city, through the range of pyramidal structures erected on the Marino, to the Porto Nuovo.

In the evening, the nobility, attended by their domestics with torches, passed on foot through the illuminated city to the great church of Madre Chiesa. The venerable edifice sparkled with the brilliancy of light; its eighty columns of oriental granite, twined with variegated lamps, disclosed innumerable chapels surrounding that of the revered saint, in whose holy shrine, a silver box, enriched with gems, containing her relics, received the homage of the bending multitude.

The exterior of the cathedral, illuminated with wax tapers, emitted a blaze of fire, bringing from the obscurity of

retired niches the porphyry mausoleums of the Norman monarchs, and darting resplendent rays on the opposite tabernacles of lapis lazuli. Over the myrtle-strewed pavement prostrate crowds offered adoration, and the incense of praise and of the altars ascended together. Lorenzo observed his fair cousin had scattered his offering at the shrine of religion : the strains of celestial harmony resounding through the echoing dome, had awoke her dormant feeling ; tears of rapture glistened in the azure of her eye, her bosom palpitated with emotion, and every glowing feature expressed pleasure.

“ Rosolia is certainly destined for a saint !” exclaimed Olivia to the admiring Lorenzo, as he contemplated her enthusiasm :---“ Come,” added she, “ away to the Marino.”

Arrived at this delightful walk, fanned

by the breezes of that element on whose brilliant bosom innumerable vessels, thickly studded with lamps, presented an amphitheatre of flame, the dazzled eye pursued an illuminated vista, to a magnificent pavilion. Here the party were joined by the duke, who presenting Lorenzo in his assumed character, to his daughter, gave him an opportunity of offering her those attentions his heart palpitated to bestow. He had observed during their progress through the irradiated streets of the city, where gay equipages paraded along the lines of light, and expressions of tender amity passed between their owners, the feeling of affectionate pity with which every eye cast on his fair relative, beamed. He could not mistake their expression, and, by every attention, sought, during the continuance of the festival, to evince his respect. The softer feeling his heart

awoke to, with touches as yet undefinable to himself, he carefully guarded from others; and Venoni and Olivia only read in his manner a wish of ingratiating himself with the duke. Rosolia, at first timid and accustomed to hear the simplicity of her expressions ridiculed by the vain Olivia, shrunk from the converse to which Lorenzo would have drawn her; but encouraged by his manner, her reserve insensibly diminished; and the spotless mirror of her mind opened to the view of the enamoured youth.

Superstition had tinged Rosolia's thoughts; to this her earliest habits had been given:---her destiny was a convent; and her entrance had been only delayed till the duke could furnish the sum usual for the nobility to present with their children at the grate. Verdura, extravagant, given to vices that exhaust-

ed his coffers, and the slave of the countess's caprices, with the appearance of splendor, had all the private distresses of poverty. To his nephew he was unjust :---knowing him the sole heir to his title, he ventured to wave him from his rights, in favour of Olivia's child. No marriage had taken place ; nor, whilst she revelled in the splendor that surrounded him, and shared with adventurers the sums he continually lost, did her delicacy call for one. Rosolia, the object of the hatred Constantia once endured, had from her earliest years been the tool on which this unprincipled woman wreaked her vengeance.

“ Worth may be hears'd, but envy cannot die.”

Olivia read in the countenance of Constantia's child the virtues of the mother ; it stung the wanton to the

heart. In vain the quick feeling of the artless girl disclosed a heart for love;---her pure and tender expressions pointed out the future wife of constancy, and the mother of affection:---enslaved by Olivia, and seldom with Rosolia, the duke gave implicit confidence to the former; and without remorse consented to the living sacrifice.

Lorenzo soon perceived the religious enthusiasm of his fair relative, gave Olivia authoritative power over every movement of her unsophisticated heart. The anger of the saints, their approbation, the festivals of the church, and the seductive manners of the nuns of St. Agatha, were the topics on which Rosolia conversed. Her ideas were those of high-raised enthusiasm, and mingled with such pure and delicate sensations, that Lorenzo feared to divert them to mortal converse. Olivia's usual

reply to a remark from Rosolia, was, "the reliance of *Pazienza!*" with an averted look of disdain.

Lorenzo became hourly more enraptured with his fair saint. Her voice of melody, in music solemn and pathetic, rose in holy strains, with simple sweetness, exceeding the boasted rules of harmony; nor could he perceive the want of genius observed to him by Venoni:---on the contrary, the long fits of abstraction she was wont to indulge in, seemed the reveries of her unhappy fate; nor, when familiarised to the society of Lorenzo, did her discourse evince a common mind:---it was a rich soil for culture, and the youth ardently hoped in time to offer his aid, imparting the instruction to Rosolia's youth the bounty of Angeluzzo had bestowed on his.

CHAPTER III.

- “ Nor less to regulate man’s moral frame,
“ Science exerts her all-composing sway :
“ Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
“ Or pines, to indolence and spleen a prey,
“ Or avarice, a fiend more fierce than they ?
“ Flee to the shade of Academus’ grove ;
“ Where cares molest not, discord melts away
“ In harmony, and the pure passions prove
“ How sweet the words of truth breath’d from the
“ lips of love.”

ACCIDENT shortly gave Lorenzo an opportunity of conferring an obligation on the duke. A nobleman of Palermo, by the bequest of an Italian friend, became possessed of one of Guido’s best paintings : Verdura ardently wish-

ed it; but as no price could influence the owner, the utmost he could obtain was the permission of copying it: The pencil of Lorenzo had obtained celebrity amongst the young artists of Rome, and witnessing his uncle's anxiety, he modestly offered his service.

In proportion as the difficulty increased of obtaining any wish, Verdura's impatience heightened; even trifles, eluding his grasp, became objects of interest; and now the approving voice of taste pronounced this cabinet gem of Count Carlotta superior to those of the Verdura collection, Julian pined with the captious and peevish envy of an haughty and little mind. His nephew would doubtless have felt, whilst listening to the offers of the duke, as he accepted and urged the speedy performance of his promise, emotions of contempt for any other, acting with the like

disregard to delicacy ; but the resemblance of a mother consecrating every object bearing affinity, checked all feelings but those of attachment ; and it was the hourly study of Lorenzo to frame excuses for his uncle's shades of character. His father did not guard Verdura's bosom from the assassin more sedulously, than the son endeavoured to ward the aim of judgment from his vices. The sentiment is natural, even in one of " blameless youth," who possesses the stamp of features on which affection has dwelt with the most endearing tenderness ; yet would cast from them the likeness, because the meanest materials composed the model.

" You must reside at Bagaria," said the duke, when conversing with Lorenzo of the picture : " the count's gardens adjoin mine ; and thus your work will be expedited.---Carlotta was an unsuc-

cessful suitor to Leonora---you will therefore be on your guard. We seldom meet," added Julian, haughtily; "indeed, his style of living differs widely from mine: his civility on this occasion however calls for thanks, and I shall accompany you to his house myself, in order to bestow them."

When Lorenzo passed through the arched gate leading to the simple villa of the count, he paused to survey a scene more in unison with his unsophisticated feelings than all the splendor of Verdura's residence. The duke lingered below in conversation with Venoni, who awaited his orders with a servility from which Lorenzo revolted. Walking slowly up the hill, he seated himself on the broken pediment of a fallen pillar, and casting around his enraptured eye, forgot the degradation of man in the grandeur of nature.

From the red and rocky summit of Bagaria, enamelled with villas composed of white and dazzling marble, built in every variety of classic form, he beheld the bay of Palermo extending to the gulph of Termini, as far as Cape Orlando; the picturesque shores retired in creeks with the pastoral scenes of a village; or jutting out, in high and bold eminences, bore, on the foliaged height, monastic edifices, frowning from dark woods, marble palaces, forts, and turrets; rocks of variegated strata at intervals branched fantastic shapes into the ocean, their brilliant colours sparkling in the beam. Immediately below, the gates of Palermo led to the Marino, the gardens of Flora and Bagaria, where fountains, temples, and ruins, linked by chains of foliage, groves of various leaf, and rural arches, blended in "gay confusion." Above, the steep and rugged

Scala led up the purple heights of Mont Pelegrino to the monastery of the Sicilian saint; whilst near its base the enchanting town of Monte Reale, and its road bordered with fountains, trees, and rocky cascades, spread beautifully on the prospect.

Amid surrounding domes of splendid architecture, the simple and elegant villa of Carlotta awoke attention alone in those to whom nature, divested of meretricious array, is most lovely, and the arts most sacred; when unadorned by costly frames, instruments of price, or gilded verse. Such, thought Lorenzo, as he surveyed the chaste simplicity of its architecture, the portico, round whose unadorned pillars the purple flowers of the caper, and its spreading leaves alone twined, such was doubtless the retreat where Horace wove his immortal verse,

such the villa from whence Cicero beheld palaces with disdain.

The duke surveyed the scene with different feelings; at every glance the fancied superiority of Carlotta diminished, and, with a smoothed brow, he advanced to the saloon, where the count, surrounded by his family, and a groupe of visitants, received him with the easy politeness marking birth, and the urbanity inseparable from goodness. With surprise, the duke beheld in the circle assembled round the countess, the most estimable of the Sicilian nobility, congratulating her on the birth of the child she clasped to her bosom. These characters had indeed mixed with the parties of the Verdura palace, increased the crowd of his splendid balls, and paid him the homage of his birth; but this was a visit of esteem, paid those to whom the festive rout, the masked ball,

and the luxurious board, were unknown; and, on whose retired habits, even esteem forbore to intrude, unless on days marked by the gifts of Heaven. The offering laid at the feet of virtue could not be mistaken; and Verdura, humbled at the sight, felt, as the company retired, he could not again offer Carlotta a price for his envied acquisition.

Lorenzo meantime surveyed the groupe, and felt irresistibly attracted towards every individual that composed it; from no one did his eye return dissatisfied with its enquiry. Carlotta's silver locks and pallid cheek told many years; his conversation instructive, and benignly gay, evinced them well employed; and, that virtue eventually leads to peace:---Time, in gratitude, seemed to visit him with smiles; for never had he in youth urged its flight

by intemperance, in age entreated, with repentant horror, its stay. The beam of Carlotta's eye was that of lively penetrating judgment, blended with the milder ray of benevolent philanthropy; youth, as it gazed on him, felt assured of his ability to guide, his willingness to forgive.

The countenance of the wife, over whom, and the child of his age, Carlotta hung with looks of "hallowed fire," was sweet, mild, and intelligent. Her cheek, delicately robbed of its rose (sole tribute paid Lucina by Sicilian mothers), received additional purity of colour from the light veil, whose transparent folds descended to the babe extended on her knees. A groupe of charming intelligent children bent over their newly acquired relative with looks of rapturous admiration. Near one of her arms, leaning over her mother's

couch, stood Carlotta's eldest daughter. Julia, graceful, and of interesting manners, wanted the loveliness that attracts lovers of Lorenzo's age. He listened with admiration as she spoke, but thought of Rosolia's form and looks of beauty.

Carlotta, as he unveiled Guido's *Scuola delle Virgini*, was struck with the manner of the youthful artist, and presaged him success in the arduous task he had undertaken. Lorenzo, hitherto retired at the respectful distance from whence he contemplated the Carlotta family, and attentive to every word that fell from their lips, now became the principal figure in the fore-ground; and forgetting the delighted witnesses of his enthusiasm, pronounced an eulogy on the work, as warm as youth, as just as taste, ever breathed.

The duke shortly took leave, and re-

turned to Palermo. Lorenzo, pressed to pass the day with the count, felt incapable of refusing; and a few happy hours winged their flight, leaving mutual impressions of regard. Carlotta, considering Lorenzo as dependent on his talents, and doubtless unprotected, advanced to meet his confidence, and offered his friendship. A thousand times the warm feelings of the youth impelled him to throw himself at the feet of one so amiable; and owning himself the son of her he once loved, entreat for himself the reliques of that affection.

At parting, the count pressed him affectionately by the hand; and accompanying him to the vestibule, informed him, as an artist, he delivered him the key of the apartment containing the cherished work.---“ This admits you to my house,” said Carlotta; “ but your acquirements and the virtue I trust ac-

companies them, render you henceforth welcome to my family.---I am not used, young man," added the count, "to meet the world, or to admit genius, without assuring myself it has not been misapplied; but I feel an interest in your concerns, that is probably strengthened by your reminding me forcibly of one who, like yourself, excelled in many things. I trust, Lorenzo," continued he, the resemblance may not extend beyond the first bloom of youth; all beyond it was a blank with her to whom I recur."

Carlotta paused; and Lorenzo scarce doubting his thoughts dwelt on his mother, dared not trust his voice, and bowing respectfully on the hand that still retained his, departed.

The watch towers of Palermo had kindled their evening fires on the shores below, and the distant bell of La Ma-

trice summoned to Ave Maria, as Lorenzo's impatient step entered the duke's villa, the abode where his parents had exchanged hearts. Their son, who oft had listened as the widowed mother bade the scenes of youth return, and the loved haunts of Bagaria bloom in narrative, looked around with feelings of interest. All seemed deserted; the orange groves, the citron bowers, scattered fruit and flowers unheeded in the fountains, the dews of evening dropped tears of nature on the desolation; a melancholy stillness reigned through the abode, in whose portico the doves ventured to entice their young. Entering the apartments, and listening in vain for the soft step of Rosolia, Lorenzo beheld his attendant, who, intent on a book, perceived not his approach.

“Orio,” said he, laying his hand

gently on his arm, "are we the sole inhabitants of this deserted spot?"

"No Signor," cried the youth; "the Lady Rosolia, her attendant Vola, and two domestics, share our exile;---the countess left Palermo last night."

Lorenzo surprised, yet delighted at the removal of this obstacle to his unreserved conversations with his charming cousin, enquired eagerly, if he might be permitted to see her?

"Here is Vola, Signor," replied Orio.

The attendant of the fair enthusiast favoured the passion of the page, who had written sonnets on her beauty; and on his repeating Lorenzo's request, answered without hesitation;---"To-morrow, Signor, the Lady Rosolia will doubtless admit your visit. She has just parted from her confessor; and, I think, is seldom in spirits after his lecture.---To-morrow, at dawn, if the Sig-

nor was to walk in the grove, near the temple of Clio, he would assuredly meet her."

Lorenzo coloured at the hint;---confidence with the domestics of his uncle was displeasing to him; nevertheless, he failed not to enquire the direction in which the temple lay.

"I am sure I was rejoiced," continued Vola, "when the countess left us; but after running about the ground, like a released bird, Signor, I thought of my poor lady, and flew to inform her we were free; but, alas!" continued the loquacious attendant, looking distressed; "she does not enjoy liberty!"

"How does the Lady Rosolia employ her hours?" enquired Lorenzo, hesitatingly, his curiosity struggling with his respect.

Vola, assuming an air of importance, placed her finger on her lip, and beckon-

ing him to follow, led him to an apartment in the farther part of the building, opening into the thickest shade of the gardens; here, pressing her hand on a pannel of the wainscot, it removed, and disclosed a small library:---“It is here we conceal our books from the countess!” cried Vola exultingly.

“Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso!---does Rosolia read these!” exclaimed Lorenzo, turning over the leaves.

“You will see her pencil on the margin of most of them, Signor,” said the indiscreet Vola.

“Allow me to take this volume to my apartment,” said Lorenzo; “Orio will replace it in the morning.”

Vola hesitated; but, on her lover’s entreaty, she consented; and the lover of Rosolia, throwing himself on his couch, wasted the night in perusing Petrarch;---every line of beautiful ex-

pression bore the penciled trace :---“The question of import to my heart is resolved!” cried Lorenzo, as he closed the volume; “Rosolia not only possesses a correct and just taste for the brilliant talent of the author, but a heart attuned to all the tenderness of the lover!”

CHAPTER IV.

- “ The morning opes on high
“ His universal eye;
“ And on the world doth pour
“ His glories in a golden shower.
“ Lo! darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray,
“ Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn.”

WITH the first blush of Aurora the steps of Lorenzo traversed gardens over whose solitudes the flowers of past culture mingled with the humbler ones of nature. Round the broken columns of a temple, the *Italian honey-suckle

* *Caprifolium Perfoliatum*.

twined its fragrant shoots, and the opuntia cast its ample leaves, shading where

“ The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath.”

The breathings of the morning, richly scented by the balsamic cytissus and odoriferous orange, scattered blossoms over the neglected fountains, from whence gold-fish bounded to receive them.

Wrapt in the reveries of an entranced imagination, the youth turned into an avenue, at the extremity of which appeared the dilapidated remains of an aviary, still enclosing a few Brazilian birds. Thither Rosolia's fairy step shortly hied, and Lorenzo respectfully accosting her, entreated permission to attend her walk and share her employment.

His fair relative, though acquainted with his arrival at the villa, was not pre-

pared thus to meet him; and the roseate tints of her lovely countenance evinced the scene and the object had called forth ideas to which the poets she studied had led. Lorenzo conversed of his absence from Palermo, the Carlotta family, and the task he had undertaken, describing the valued picture in terms calculated to awaken the attention of Rosolia.

Fancying her expressive features shaded with sorrow, as he mentioned Julia, Lorenzo added :---“ I have omitted, Madam, mentioning the enlarged education the happy daughter of the count has received, was with the intention of fitting her for the world: no daughter of that family takes the veil, since the death of an unfortunate female, whom the will of an obdurate father forced to the gloom of a monastery, and on whose sensibilities, destined by

heaven to unfold the arms of chastity to marriage, the bosom of affection to infancy, the chilling apathy of selfish solitude, and the absence of objects of domestic love, proved fatal; every daughter of the Carlotta house receives a bridal portion from a fund, of which the riches of the repentant father formed the foundation.

Rosolia passed her hand over her eyes, and averted her face from Lorenzo's gaze.---“ You will return to-morrow,” said she, “ and every day, and still Julia's perfection must increase in your estimation !”

The heart of Lorenzo fluttered ; but the concluding words withdrew his attention from a meaning but too flattering to his youth.

“ I make no comment on your story, Signor,” said she ; “ your relating it convinces me you are not acquainted with

my being destined for the church. I lament the fate of those whose steps are doomed to tread more troubled paths:--- Enough, Signor, of this; and let me now declare I have wished to converse with you in confidence, assured should I confide a commission of trust to your honour, you will execute it with exactness and fidelity."

Lorenzo started at the words; but remembering the character in which he appeared to Rosolia, bowed in submission as she spoke:---they had reached the grove into which the library opened, and his fair relative motioning him gracefully to enter with her, he followed in astonished suspence.

Rosolia inviting Lorenzo to seat himself beside her, began:—

"My present confidence in a stranger, Signor, is excusable, as it is necessary I should entrust a secret, and I am sur-

rounded by those who are interested in the concealment of it:---you are an Italian; and it is in Italy those whom I would serve---to whom I would render justice, reside."

A crowd of astonished feelings flashed on the mind of her auditor; he could not doubt of whom she would speak.

"Allow me, Signor," said Rosolia gracefully, "to relate a story:---we will suppose the parties unknown to us, and when the fable is told, remember it no more.

"The heir of a noble house in Sicily married the humble daughter of a villager, who shortly died, after giving life to a female. The husband soon after attaching himself to a woman of consummate art, gives her power over himself, his fortune, his honour, and his actions, even to the oblivion of a sister, banished her country, and a daughter

denied the advantages of her birth, and destined from her cradle to the veil. That daughter, Signor, glories in her fate; but ere she retires from the world, she would render justice to her whom her mother loved,---that hapless sister, who may wander in poverty, ignorant of the rights of her offspring. As yet, Signor, the nobleman of whom I speak, is without heir, but the child of his forsaken sister; and an abandoned woman obtrudes on his credulity the offspring of dishonour!"

Lorenzo could no longer endure his emotion: "Name, madam," cried he, the woman for whom your anxieties awaken, and I pledge myself to communicate your wishes."

"Her name," said Rosolia, "is your's; and so lately at Rome, I believe you related. I would seek Leonora Di Rossi, and convey her the documents which

will infallibly secure her offspring the succession to a dukedom."

"Seek her not, Rosolia," exclaimed Lorenzo; advancing to his cousin, and kneeling as with clasped arms he enfolded her; "Leonora di Rossi sleeps as tranquilly as Constantia; the storms of misfortune, the vicissitudes of fate, alone disturb her surviving Lorenzo; else would he not appear a dependant in the abode of Verdura,---else would he not kneel unknown at Rosolia's feet."

Overcome with wonder and transport, the fair maid he addressed was incapable of reply; but the sweet expression of her countenance, her arms stretched to him in welcome, and the tears that coursed each other down her cheeks, bade him not doubt a relative's affection.

Lorenzo began his story from his mother's exile, omitting not the duke's

wavering and inconsistent plan with respect to himself, or the impression she herself had made on his heart.

A rustling amongst the leaves of the grove prevented reply ;---'twas Orio ; the hour of attending the count had passed, and the page reminded his master of it.

“ You go, Lorenzo, to Julia !” said Rosolia.

“ Not so,” whispered the youth ; “ think of me, Rosolia ; the hours of my absence will be devoted to the memory of your friendship,---would I might term it your love !”

“ I hasten to pray for you, Lorenzo,” said the agitated beauty, drawing her veil over her saddened countenance ;---“ accept my prayers.”

Lorenzo gazed after her, till her airy form disappeared in the vista ; then sighing, followed the path that led to the villa of Carlotta.

The count received him with distinction, the countess presented her babe to the pressure of his lip, and Julia, the mild and modest Julia, again discoursed, in language uniting the strong judgment of Carlotta with the feminine gentleness of her mother; but Lorenzo's thoughts were true to Rosolia. The task of the day hurried over with alacrity, returning to his innocent mistress, he again essayed to win her to his love, but in vain:---attached to a life of seclusion, and devout to enthusiasm, her wishes led to a monastery. The first passion of youth is ardent:---had Lorenzo viewed woman with riper judgment, Julia would have conquered the heart that now throbbed for Rosolia;---her talents, the charms of her converse, and the dignified character of her virtues, have obliterated the traces of beauty void of all attraction, but innocent, ingenuous, and religious

enthusiasm :---even these, militating, as the latter did, against the interests of his love, dazzled Lorenzo, who divided between love for the beauty, and admiration of the saint, mingled in his verse the blended feelings inspired by both. Wandering amid scenes congenial to the softer passions, fanned by the sultry breath of a seductive climate, and together tracing the page of poetic love, the enamoured pair forgot the hours, the days that flew over them unheeded in their lapse. Lorenzo discoursed of his attachment; but Rosolia burying hers in the recesses of her bosom, admitted no hope, encouraged no bright vision of the future. Olivia had departed to hasten the hour of her retirement, and to bring Sebastian from the retreat in which he had passed his infancy. The dying Constantia, possessed of the documents of Leonora's marriage, had secreted

them in the temple to which her daughter's steps we went now to wander; and accident placing them in Rosolia's hands, she still preserved them under a slab of marble, together with a letter to Olivia, from a domestic, in which the birth of Sebastian was ascertained.

Lorenzo no longer suffered himself to dream of dependence;---he was undoubted heir to Verdura; and through her whom he hoped would, however envious fate seemed to interpose, share those honours; had obtained the means of asserting his rights.

The duke occasionally called to witness the progress of his picture, and though the painter lingered in his task, the manner of its performance met with unbounded praise;---he would have testified his approbation by presents, but Lorenzo rejected them with a superiority of manner that abashed him. The youth

was in fact no longer the humble boy, who unable to prove himself the child of marriage, must hesitate as he claimed respect. A consciousness of birth, and the power of proving it, gave a steadiness to his manner that disconcerted Verdura, who suspecting Carlotta of being in the confidence of his nephew, suddenly withdrew his visits. That nobleman, interested in Lorenzo's fate, had on all occasions received him with so much warmth, that the youth, sensible how much a friend, estimable as the count, of accurate judgment and undeviating honour, would aid his cause, shortly embraced an hour when Carlotta sat calmly witnessing the progress of the picture, to interest him as Leonora's son. The story he related would have affected the amiable Carlotta; but added to this dear plea, that of oppression acting against defenceless youth, called

on every bosom to whom just actions were sacred, to aid the cause. Lorenzo's papers were deposited in an urn, cemented as to appear solid, and fixed to a niche in the count's apartment, who advised him to disguise his feelings till the plans of the Countess Leone became more apparent.

Rosolia, neglected by her father, without a mother, on whose bosom she could repose her griefs, and from whose lips instruction might mingle with affection, was an object of pity to Carlotta, and drew tears from his Julia; but the venerable father shook his head as Lorenzo talked of love.

“Once, Di Rossi,” said the count, “women received the homage of my senses:---I degraded them by the adulation paid beauty, and the indifference with which I regarded their softest attraction, that of mental sweetness.

Your mother, beautiful as a goddess, attracted my admiration. Had she received my addresses, I would have united my fate to hers, without a thought of our dissimilar habits:---she rejected me, and shortly I ceased even to hear of her. As years passed on, my judgment, more matured, directed me to my present countess, whose accomplishments have rendered me happy, and whose virtues have crowned my age. Believe me, Lorenzo, your present bias cannot lead to good!--you have received no common education, and as your youth ripens, many seeds it has sown, that are yet dormant, will rise to perfection. The innocent Rosolia, brought up in religious observances, and devoted to a monastic life, suits the shade. Of what avail is it, that you urge she reads; and that in her conversation sweetness and sense unite?---Attempt to remedy the

defects of Rosolia's education, alter her destiny, still, Lorenzo, the accomplishment of your wish would render you both unhappy."

On this point alone the advice of Carlotta was unheeded by Lorenzo:--the hours he was not employed at the count's saw him invoke the muses; and placing the lyre, the pencil, and the verse by turns in the hands of Rosolia, as her genius fired, he expressed rapturous joy; forgetful the talents he called forth could never brighten his abode, and that he only strewed flowers before the sacrifice.

In the progress of such a passion, where beauty has ascendancy, reason hesitates to allow there are truths to which the heart would feign ignorance, but cannot. After conversations with Rosolia, the mild manners, the undorned persons of the Carlotta family, were a relief to his passion, cooling and

refreshing as the shades of night returning after sultry hours. The count judged accurately of character; and when, advancing from the privacy of his thoughts, and the seclusion of his life, to advise the son of her he once loved, he bade Lorenzo break the chain of Rosolia, and assert his rights with Ver-dura, he counselled as a father.

Meantime the duke at times witnessed with approval the brightening canvas; and as all who contributed to his gratification, shared his transitory favour, Lorenzo received from him more kindness than he had yet vouchsafed to bestow. But the youth was altered; and when on the piece being finished, and placed in his palace at Palermo, the duke proudly offered him reward, the spirit of Leonora shone forth in her son.---Nor were witnesses wanting to the scene:---the Countess Leone, her

child, on whom the rights Lorenzo stood deprived of, were intended to devolve; Venoni, the parasite of her vanity; and, lastly, the just and dignified Carlotta, stood round the painting;---Rosolia, just touching it with her timid hand, seemed to increase the groupe who, surrounding the Virgin, looked up with venerating eyes to her instruction.

“ You ask me, my lord, what recompence you can bestow ?” said the youth, his countenance glowing with animation: “ for the appropriation of idle hours, I have nothing to demand ;---you well know I am above such price :---yet repeatedly urged to name my wishes, I no longer hesitate ; and it only remains, my lord, for you to order from your presence those who have too long obtruded---then will Lorenzo name his demand.”

Conscience drew the eyes of the asto-

nished Verdura to the countess and her son; but with looks of revengeful fire, she boldly advanced. The duke seemed overwhelmed by a confusion the presence of Carlotta increased :---turning to him with a vain attempt to disguise his feelings, “ My lord,” said he, “ I grieve you should witness the insolence of a dependent :---the adjoining apartment contains a collection of intaglios ; favour me by looking over them whilst I dismiss this obstinate boy.’

“ My lord,” cried Carlotta firmly, “ the lover of your sister will be the defender of your nephew :---Speak, Lorenzo, either I congratulate you on assuming your place in this abode, or receive you to mine, till justice bestows what affection should give.”

“ I will speak, my lord, cried Lorenzo : “ is it not enough that during years of misery Leonora forbore re-

proach; that her son should seek your roof, humbling himself to your wishes, and confiding in your words?---Providence, my lord, has enabled me to prove the first tended only to the degradation of your name---that the latter wandered from truth---Hear me," continued Lorenzo, "I sought you, my lord, my heart filled with respect that would have guarded you from ignominy---affection, that waited but the hour of danger to have raised a father's arm in your defence. When you spoke of marriage, had some daughter of an illustrious house been your destined bride, Heaven is my witness how triumphantly I would have followed your marriage procession---how tenderly clasped its offspring to my bosom!---Nay, had death deprived them of your protection, my blood would have been shed in defending their claim, though removing from me the

splendor of rank and the gifts of fortune; but it is otherwise, Verdura; --I am the son of a noble mother, who, through all the unfortunate hours of your neglect, respected the name a moment of passion had sullied:---shall I suffer a wanton to revel where she bloomed, and retire myself, for the offspring of promiscuous vice!--recollect yourself, my lord; this cannot be!"

"Retire, presumptuous boy!" exclaimed the duke, whose indignation had prevented interruption to the energy of Lorenzo; "assert, if you will, these boasted claims; but remember," cried he, with a laugh of mingled passion and triumph, "remember, they must be proved."

"It is not the hour," returned Lorenzo calmly; "when it arrives, stretched on the bed of expiation, Leonora will be remembered, and the youth who-

boldly asserted the rights of blood, be pardoned.---Farewell, my lord ; revel in the gifts of fortune ; raise that woman (pointing to Olivia, who affected to weep over her child, as she reclined on a distant couch) to the honours of your house ; receive her son as your own, whilst on the scanty portion of my father I wander far from Sicily !---Thus far the injured addresses you :---now, let every feeling of nature visit your bosom, while Lorenzo pleads for one whose unoffending sweetness, whose innocent and spotless youth would move a savage breast ! Approach, sweet Rosolia," cried he, (extending his arms to his fair cousin) "our mothers loved each other ; disdain not therefore the intercession I would make. Look at her, my lord ;---nature formed her beautiful ; and virtue breathes her spirit in the clay. Why should a cloister immure her charms, why should

the awakening passions of her bosom be rendered subservient to interest?---The enthusiasm of devotion kindles the first fires of her youth;---love may follow, and pierce even the rugged walls of a living tomb. Is it necessary virtue should retire to the shade, before vice usurps her place?---Awake pride!---why should a daughter of your's, Verdura, be denied the place she claims, the education she would grace; the marriage she would bless!---Affection, speak for her! Tenderness, given her by him who made her good and fair, would beam on your age, enliven your abode, and raise the lip of her children to your embrace!---Lastly, let devotion be heard;---insult not Heaven by a premature offering; wait till Rosolia knows the world you would have her renounce; is assaulted by the passions you would have her

reject ;---then will the offering be worthy the altar."

" Rosolia," exclaimed the countess, rushing forward, and seizing her by the arm, " will, my lord, decide for herself; nor from this can any appeal be made."

" Speak, Olivia," cried the duke; " relieve me from the pain of addressing one in whose bosom my dagger would be justly sheathed."

" Rosolia," pleaded Lorenzo, as he threw himself at her feet, " impute to me no interested views. As the saints are just, were I in possession of the dukedom of Verdura, and your choice were another, my affection would only be shewn in the riches of your portion; yet, feeling, as I do, the ardency of love, and the purity of the flame you inspire, can I refrain from warning you, Rosolia, that to this emotion you must yet awaken!--Blush not, fairest and best;

let her who grasps your trembling hand and points another path to youth and innocence, feel the tinge of shame!--I call on you, by all the love I bear you, to listen, whilst I describe to you the life I would urge you to lead, the claim I would give you in Heaven in death!"

The duke would have rushed forward to separate Lorenzo from his daughter, but Carlotta restrained him: "Consider, my lord, what you owe to fame," urged he; "let the Lady Rosolia decide; and thus you will be acquitted to such of the nobility as look on your conduct with jealous eyes."

Verdura's frenzied eye sought Carlotta's; its beam carried conviction, and in smothered agitation he awaited the result.

"Look on me, Rosolia!" cried the kneeling youth; "whilst I declare you have not encouraged the passion I

avow! The time must come, when the humble lover, who supplicates you, ere he quits an abode you are about to exchange for the gloomy walls of a monastery, will possess the power of rendering you its mistress,---the magic of removing from your purity every evil spirit, every dark design. Whether for me or another you feel the tenderness of love, I would have you, sweet Rosolia, approach the altar, to kindle, not extinguish the sacred flame of nature! Methinks, I behold you an example, lovely and persuasive, of every duty connected with marriage!--Reject awhile the emotions of love;---how widely diffused your powers of good!--and would not the Heaven, whom you believe offended, mark every action with reward, every year with a blessing! Your children, Rosolia, would repose on the chastity of your bosom, with an inno-

cence calling down the sacred beam alike on the mother and the child!--their every offering of virtuous action would have root in your instruction, shade and shelter in your arms, and blossom in your example:---and when you come to the termination of a happy life---(for, even I who, were I a God, would render you immortal, must pronounce your doom, that Rosolia must bend her beauty to the grave!--in that hour, what will the angel, in whose arms you rise to bliss, pronounce?---No record of cold selfish virtue, flying from temptation; no circumscribed charity laid on marble, not the human heart;---but the glorious annunciation, "Behold the chaste wife, whose example reclaimed vice,---the mother from whom spring many saints!"

Rosolia, shading her face, turned it from the gaze of Lorenzo; her bosom

heaved, and her trembling frame leaned against a pillar of the saloon. A father's arms were not held out for her support, and, shrinking from the offered ones of Lorenzo, she caught hold unconsciously of Carlotta, who, no less astonished than Verdura, awaited with equal anxiety the termination of an interview, extending to objects remote from those in which he came to offer his mild councils, or determined resolves.

The Countess Leone now addressed Rosolia.---The superstitious habits of her childhood were recalled in all the borrowed colours of religious fanaticism. The approbation of Heaven, the joy of saints, the tranquil holiness of retirement, the society of purified mortals, were urged in opposition to Lorenzo's arguments; and they sunk into her victim's bosom, with the force that religious awe, inspired in a heart which, be-

rest of natural affection, sought the protection of the saints, and denied the privileges of birth, turned with contempt to other triumphs.

Long Olivia argued; but finding Rosolia remained silent, she drew her to a figure of the Virgin, and removing her veil, urged her to regard it.---“Behold,” said the insidious pleader; “her, at whose feet your prayers have been poured; to whom you have devoted yourself!---choose, unhappy girl, impious apostate, and abandon Heaven for earth!”

“Lorenzo!” cried the trembling girl;
“Lorenzo!”

The youth flew to her with the eagerness of hope; but, rejecting his embrace with an emotion of horror, Rosolia stretched out her arms to the image, crying, “Pardon! pardon!”---then sunk without motion before the shrine.

“Glorious!” exclaimed Olivia, turning to Lorenzo; “is further confirmation necessary, Signor?”

The youth heard her not; but gazing an instant on the prostrate Rosolia, uttered an ejaculation of despair, and rushed from the palace.

END OF VOL. II.

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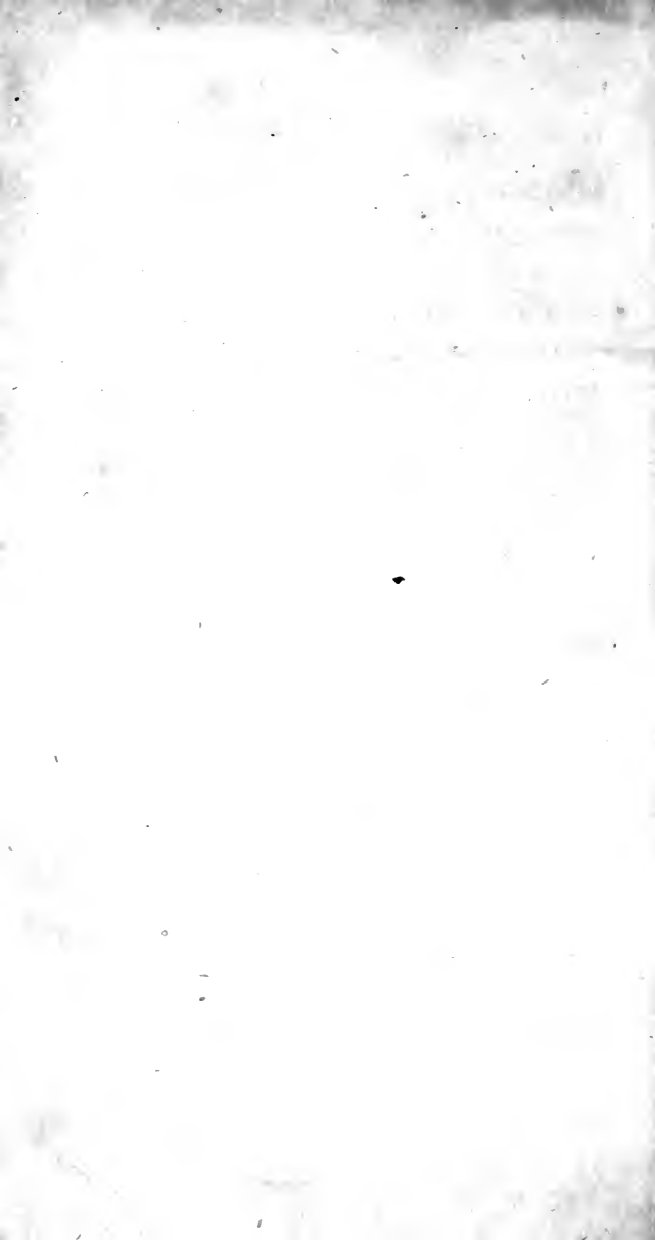
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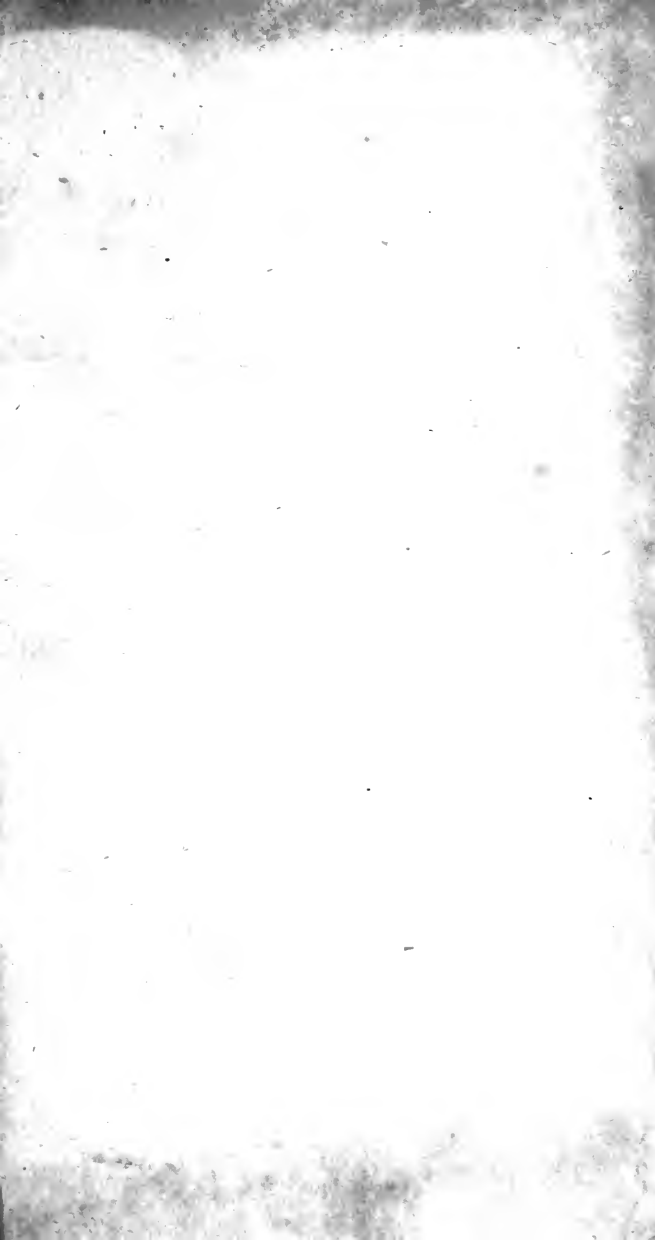
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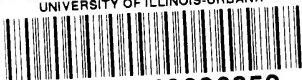
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